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AT THE WINDOW.

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The lady she sits at her window,
I sit at my window and look;
And my fancies fleet gladly toward her,
As young swans flock forth to a brook;
And I catch from her bright face the pleasure
I draw from an affluent book.

I scarce know the name of the lady—
She never has spoken to me;
But I know by infallible symbols
That, whatever her history be,
Her soul is as brave as the mountains—
Her heart is as deep as the sea.

Sometimes her white fingers fly deftly
All day with the needle and thread;
And sometimes o'er lark-throated poems
She droopeth her radiant head;
And sometimes she waits on the people
Whose custom assureth her bread.

For she is but a clerk, is this lady,
A salaried clerk in a store;
With the blessing of labor upon her
(Not curse, as was written of yore),
And—judged by the palpable outward—
I should hazard the guess she was poor.

But of comforts and riches and splendors
Which silver and gold cannot buy—
The things which make royal the forehead,
Which set a delight in the eye,
And crown us with glories and lustres
As the stars of the Lord crown the sky—

Of these the deep spiritual graces
Which give unto life its divine—
Transform with miraculous touches
The waters of Being to wine,
And quicken the sap of the human
Till the dreary places blossom and shine,

She has crystalline caskets and coffers,
With broad open lids to receive
The silent, ineffable helpings
God's angels are gladdened to give,
Beyond half the diademed princes
And millionaired monarchs who live.

And something about her most subtly
Reminds me of daisies an' birds;
Of smells of mown hay in the meadows,
Of sweet tunes to beautiful words;
And of one who clung close to my bosom
Before she was clasped to the Lord's.

Thus being so minded and bettered,
Because of the calm she has brought,
The rest to my trouble of spirit,
The peace to the ache in my thought,
And the cooings of doves in the passions
Where devils have wrestled and wrought.

All paths that the lady may travel
My blessings shall conquer; that so
No roughness may bruise her; no waters
Be bitter or brackish with woe;
While the blue heavens brood softly above her
And the grass groweth greenly below. R. B.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL A BLUNDER.

"All are sleeping, weary heart,
Thou, thou only, sleepless art."—LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Travers looked right and left when he got on board the Racehorse, at Holyhead, for some trace of the woman he had seen.

He had gathered up his traps in a desperate hurry and posted off as soon as ever he learned her destination, leaving his friend to follow him, and established himself in a convenient place on deck, so as to command a full view of the gangway; he did not see her, nor any one with a dress answering to her description as he saw her in the street.

Certainly the crowded deck of a mail packet, lit only by a few flaring lanterns, is not the best place for picking anyone out of a crowd, but Mr. Travers' perceptions were sharpened by anxiety, and he felt sure of seeing her if she were there.

He watched the embarkation of the signor's troupe, fine horses carefully and skilfully got on board by grooms, who evidently knew their work, tiny ponies looking like over sized dogs, canine performers well wrapped from the night air, and a cage of chattering monkeys, which made their presence heard all over the ship.

The company comprised all sorts of people, from the pompous signor himself, who marched into the state cabin provided for him, with audible grumbling at the inconveniences he found himself subjected to, to the lowest of his *employees*, some of whom were content with a deck passage among the animals, which were far more tenderly cared for than they.

Some of the company traveled first class, not exactly on an equality with their chief, but under his wing as it were; the remainder were fore cabin passengers, decent looking people for the most part, but bearing the unmistakable stamp of the profession upon them.

Mr. Travers scrutinized them all closely, but could make nothing of them; one or two of the women were closely veiled, and all were wrapped up for traveling. Nearly the last came a woman, coarse looking and over-dressed, leading a boy by the hand.

"I knew I was right," he said to himself. "Both here, mother and child. Heavens! What an extraordinary likeness!"

He followed the child to the side of the boat, where the woman left him while she looked after some of her packages.

"What is your name, my little man?" he asked.

The boy looked up with a twinkle in his pretty eyes.

"Oh, I am Don Jose Sallusto," he replied.

"A rider?"

"Yes."

"An infant prodigy; a star I suppose?"

"I believe you; you should only see the bills!"

"And a Spaniard, by your name."

The child puckered his little mouth into a queer smile and nodded.

"Don't you ask questions," he said frankly, but not rudely; "the signor doesn't like me to answer questions."

Some one called the boy sharply at the moment, and Travers moved away, to encounter his friend, who had just come on board.

"You had better have stayed at the hotel," he said. "You look as cold as a frog, and have found out nothing, I'll swear."

"I have, though."

"Is she here, then?"

"I have not seen *her*, but her child is yonder in the cabin; he is just Ratty O'Grady in miniature! there can be no mistake. I spoke to the urchin; he says his name is Don something or other, and that he is an infant prodigy. What a fate for Horace O'Grady's boy!"

"Nonsense! there must be some blunder."

"Come and see for yourself; if ever you saw his face you'll see it now."

Mr. Masterton laughed, but yielded, and was fain to confess that the lovely boy sitting so quietly in the cabin was the living image of the man they were going to visit, but professed he could not make it out.

"Get hold of that horsey monster and question him," he said, alluding to the unconscious signor, who was laying himself out to attract everybody's attention by his boastful conversation about "my establishment, my horses," &c., &c.

Travers found the opportunity when, the affairs of the company being all satisfactorily arranged, Signor Armadini betook himself to the deck to smoke a cigar. The two friends joined him, and, and after a few commonplaces, Mr. Travers introduced the subject.

"Will you introduce me to a member of your company, sir?" he said abruptly. "I believe I speak to Signor Armadini?"

"The same, sir, and happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. a—a—Travers," reading the name from the card the young man presented to him. "Fascinated by one of my ladies, I suppose; I may whisper they are most of them married; our profession marry young as a rule."

"Nothing of that sort, I assure you," Mr. Travers replied, in great disgust. "It is quite a different matter."

"No offence, sir, I hope. Gentlemen do fall in love with pretty faces, and I flatter myself I have some nice looking people with me."

"The lady I allude to is a married woman, the mother of the little boy I spoke to just now. I have known her under very different circumstances, and am well acquainted with her friends."

"Pardon me, sir; which little boy? There are some three or four with us."

"That fine little fellow in the cabin; the young gentleman who told me in such excellent English that he was a Spaniard. I have not seen him since he was quite a baby, but he is his father's image."

The signor stared at the two gentlemen in unmitigated astonishment.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE CIRCUS.

[See Story of "The Loved and The Lost," in this issue of the CLIPPER.]

"You are mistaken, sir," he said; "the child is an orphan, my apprentice."

"Pardon me, I saw his mother last night and know her for a member of your troupe."

"I assure you, you are mistaken; she and her husband were both members of my company. They are dead, and the boy is, to all intents and purposes, mine. I see doubt in your face still; would you like to question the child yourself?"

"I should."

"Grigs," he said to one of his men, "call up Don Jose; I want him. I only stopped his chattering to you just now, sir, because we professionals are not all what we seem, you know, and the child pleases the public better while they think him a Spaniard."

"I understand," said Mr. Masterton, as the boy came up, not timidly, but frankly and unhesitatingly, and stood by his master's side.

"Question him for yourselves, gentlemen," he said; "he remembers his parents perfectly, and will tell you what his name is and where he came from."

They did question him, at least Masterton did, for his friend was so absorbed in gazing upon the little face so like Horace O'Grady's that he could scarce bring himself to speak. The boy answered freely, looking up at them with the bold look of perfect truthfulness. He said his name was Harry Maurice, and the ready tears came when he spoke of his mother, when he told where and how she died.

He told how his father taught him, and how he had grieved for them both; there was no mistaking the genuineness of the story; a child could not invent nor be taught such a one, and George Travers felt more bewildered than ever while he listened to him. He asked the boy if his master was kind to him. He replied "yes, now," but that he used to beat him.

He was very happy, he said, and only wanted to be a man to be able to do everything he saw others do. He shook hands with both his questioners and said, with childish eagerness:—

"You must come and see me ride in Dublin."

"That we will," said Mr. Masterton, putting a bright crown piece into his hand while his friend topped the gift with half a sovereign. "Ah, if it were only Ratty's boy, how pleasant it would be to tip him," he said.

"Who knows, Travers? Ratty wasn't a saint."

"No, but he was not the man to wrong a girl and let her got through the world any how afterwards; there's some mystery about this."

"Well, gentlemen, are you satisfied?" the signor asked, coming up behind them.

"Satisfied that the boy has told all he knows; whatever there may be unrevealed seems to have been before you had him—his mother—for I am sure she is."

"No one belonging to me has ever set forth such a claim. Who is it?"

"She is called Nesta Howell; I know her for some one else."

"Oh, poor Nesta, you can easily see her; she is the sister in law of one of my grooms. If you go forward and ask for Jem Myers you will soon find her."

And the signor turned away, voting the gentlemen great bores, but rather troubled in his mind, nevertheless. What if inquiries were going to be made about this lad, regarding whom he knew a secret or two, which Jem Maurice and his wife had never revealed?

About Nesta he thought nothing, simply because he knew nothing; he believed her to be what she represented herself, Mrs. Myers' sister. Mr. Travers had mentioned no names in speaking of the boy and her; he had merely supposed them to be mother and son, that was all. He resolved not to worry himself about it, but to keep his eyes well open to what happened.

Meanwhile Mr. Travers had found Jem Myers, who readily answered his questions about Nesta. She was his wife's sister, he said, and they had lost sight of her for a long time; people in their profession did get separated. Nesta was a good girl and they were very glad to find her again.

The gentlemen asked if they could see her, but she was very sick, her brother in law said; the sea always made her so bad; in the morning they could talk to her if they liked, but she was very shy.

But in the morning Mr. Jem Myers and his family managed to elude the gentlemen and get ashore, and they only saw the pompous signor and his over-dressed wife.

"Morning, gentlemen! morning!" he said, boisterously. "Fine passage we have had. Did you see Miss a—a, what's her name—Howell?"

"No, we did not," replied Mr. Travers, rather curtly; he felt nettled at all his inquiries having been failures, and accused the circus proprietor, in his own mind, of being a party to some deceit or concealment regarding the mother and child. How innocent the signor was of that the reader already knows.

"Well, I trust we shall have the honor of your patronage in Dublin; we have a splendid building, magnificently fitted up, and an entertainment which I flatter myself is unique."

"We shall come, be sure of it," said Mr. Travers. "I shall be glad to see more of your people."

The signor did not hear anything in the remark but a ready acquiescence to his request, and he wished the friends a courteous good-day when they parted on the pier.

"You see it is all a blunder, Travers," said his friend, as they hailed a cab to carry them to the station.

"I think not; I am sure I saw Nora Keane last night; that waiter may have made a mistake and she is not with these people at all; but the boy—there is Horace's very face."

"It's a queer affair; shall you say anything about it at the Dingles?"

"Not for the world; only just think what a hint of such a thing would be, if dear old Ratty is as happy as his letters would lead me to believe."

"And he is, be sure of it."

He was, indeed, happy in his home, his wife, his child. His only drawback to his felicity was the want of an heir, no boy having come to fill the place of Angel's lost darling. Ratty lived at the Dingles now; he was Horace O'Grady, Esq., the lord of the manor, and dearly his tenants loved him. Mrs. O'Grady and Augustus had exchanged to the Fort; Horace and Honor would fain have had them live altogether, but Angel's good sense said "No."

"Mixed families never do well, dear Ratty," she said, "we shall be far better a mile apart."

And so they dwelt in loving intercourse, seeing each other daily, and nothing wanting to their happiness but a son, who might succeed his father and be to the people all that he and his brother had been. The meeting between Horace and his old friend Travers was like that of long parted brothers; they had both passed through danger and faced death since they met, and it was almost solemn to see the unaccustomed tears spring to both their eyes as they embraced. Horace himself was the first to mention Nora's name.

"I fancied a very different fortune when you and I parted," he said to his friend. "My poor Nora, you heard of her dreadful death?"

"At a fire?"

"Yes."

"There was some blunder, Ratty; I took her away from that fire myself—I wrote you full particulars."

"You—wrote—to *me*!"

"Yes."

"I never got the letter."

Ratty's face was terrible to look upon in its blank despair.

"Travers," he said, "are you telling me the truth?"

"As God hears us, Ratty."

"Go on, tell me all."

"There is nothing more to tell. I gave her money to go home. My letter to you explained everything, and then came the foundering of the 'Erin' and you were thought dead. Don't look like that, Ratty; Nora must be dead. Do you think that she would have allowed all these years to pass in silence?"

"But the boy and my wife, Honor. Oh, Travers, you cannot tell what a prospect you have raised up to me."

"I am sorry to have done it, my boy; I have told you the simple truth. You may be quite satisfied poor Nora is dead, or you would have heard of her."

"Aye, she has never come back to her old father, even."

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, mad in the County Asylum, babbling always of Nora. He is well cared for; Honor and I have taken care of that."

Honor wondered much at the white face her husband brought to her chamber that night, and declared to Angel the next day in confidence, "that she did not like Mr. Travers coming at all, Ratty looked ten years older through seeing him."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRAMPLED TO DEATH.

"Ah, then and there were hurryings to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress."—BYRON.

"Hallo, my man, what are you doing there?"

The speaker was Signor Armadini, going his rounds at night after the performance, a thing he never omitted, great man though he was.

He had been but a poor stroller himself once and was mindful of the maxim, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"I'm doing no harm, sir," and the man got up—a gaunt, thin, hungry man to look at, with ragged, black hair and a bushy beard that covered all the lower part of his face, and clothes that hung about him in rags. "I'm doing nothing—only sheltering and starving."

"Starving! God bless me!" the signor ejaculated; he wasn't a bad man at heart, but he had roughed it and had learned to be suspicious. "This isn't a world to starve in, my man," he added incredulously.

For answer the man held up a hand like an eagle's claw, and a wrist which looked too brittle to be human.

"Does that look like roast beef and pudding?" he asked bitterly. "I'm too weak to work, or I shouldn't be lying here; give us a mouthful of bread, governor, or a job if you wouldn't see a fellow man carried off to the workhouse hospital before your eyes—I've seen you before, though you don't know me."

"Where!"

"Out in America—you wasn't a fine circus proprietor then—you were only Harry Armstrong the rider; do you remember Harry Howard, that helped you through that scrape at Saratoga?"

"Harry Howard? Hush!" said the circus proprietor, holding up his hand in caution, for the "scrape" in question was not wonderfully to his credit. "Why, man, I shouldn't have known you!"

"I dare say not; people who get on in the world seldom know their poor pals."

"You were never a pal of mine, Howard; but what can I do for you?"

"Help me to a morsel of bread and a shelter for the night in the first place; after that find me something to do about your concerns; I don't want to be known in Dublin, and I should be looked for in a circus about the last place in the world, I fancy."

He laughed as he spoke, the bitter, contemptuous laugh of a man who has seen the bright side of the world only to have it fade and grow dim in his grasp, and the circus proprietor wondered not a little who this man had been who wore rags and yet spoke like a gentleman.

He had met him at Saratoga, where they had both been mixed up in a betting transaction which was something the reverse of respectable; since then he had never seen him.

"I don't want to be known as Armstrong here," he replied. "I'm doing pretty well, and I shouldn't like the business spoilt. What brings you to Ireland?"

"Business brought me at first; I mulled it, but that don't matter now. Starvation and illness have kept me here; I wonder I haven't made a hole in the water before this; give me something to do for Heaven's sake; all the world's against me now."

"What for?"

"Ah, that's too long a story to tell while I am starving. Look here, Armstrong; well, Armadini, then; you used to be a good sort of chap and I haven't tasted food since yesterday morning; give me a mouthful of supper if you won't do anything else."

"Signor Armadini was not a bad hearted man and he took the forlorn creature to the nearest public house and fed him.

"What can you do, Howard?" he asked him when the ravenous hunger was at last appeased. "I'd give you something if you were any use, but I can't keep more cats than can catch mice; there's more show than profit in the concern, I can tell you."

"I can do anything about a horse," returned the man; "give me anything that'll keep body and soul together and I'll be thankful. I've tried to kill myself, Armstrong, and I can't."

There was something so horribly despairing in the man's manner as to make it a certainty that it was his last chance.

"I can give you something in the stables," the circus proprietor said. "I'll speak to the manager to-morrow; in the meantime, here's what will get you a night's lodging."

"And I wish he'd find it in the river," was his inward aspiration, as he turned away. "These old acquaintances turning up are a horrid nuisance."

But Mr. Howard did no such thing; as he had said, he had tried suicide and found it difficult, and being refreshed with meat, drink and sleep, he presented himself before his old acquaintance the next morning pretty much the same seedy, disreputable, flashy Mr. Howard who used to frequent the Elysium Music Hall, New York.

He was duly installed as assistant stable help and was informed that he would have to go into the ring to hold banners, lead horses, etc.

"I never thought of that," he said in affright; "look here, governor, I didn't mean to be known; couldn't you turn me into a black, or something of that sort?" The matter was thought over and arranged without much difficulty, and in a very few hours Cassim Babaloak, a genuine Moor, was introduced to the members of the troupe as a new addition to the stable department.

The new comer spoke but little English, but was warranted to ride anything; and, indeed, his performances on a new horse, perfect to look at but with the temper of a fiend, placed him at once in a high place in the estimation of every one who knew what managing restive horses meant.

In fact, he was a great acquisition to the company and won commendation from one and all, till the little Don Jose, coming into the ring for his morning practice, he gave a tremendous start, and nearly fell off the powerful horse he was initiating into the art and practice of being amenable to the discipline of the arena.

"Hullo! what's up?" asked the ring master, more surprised than pleased.

"That boy!" gasped the Moor, "who is he?"

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Signor, hurrying into the circle. "What's all this? What's the boy to you, Cassim?"

"Nothing," replied the other, regaining his self-possession and the command of his horse at the same moment. "He is the living image of some one I knew once, that is all."

"He seems to be like everybody!" said the manager, testily; "a man bothered my life out about him, coming across from Holyhead. It's lucky for me that I do know who he is; I might get into trouble if I didn't."

"Who asked you?" said the other, in extreme excitement. "Was his name O'Grady?"

"O'Grady, no! What on earth tells you, Howard? I've got the man's card somewhere; here it is. George Travers, do you know him? Bless me! what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only a resurrection from the dead. That man died years ago in India."

"Not he; he's no more dead than you are."

"That chap's going silly with his troubles, poor devil," said the Signor to himself, as his new "Moor" turned away, and went on with his business. "Well, it don't matter to me; he always was a queer chap."

The piece which was occupying the attention of the troupe just then was a kind of spectacle which the manager called by the borrowed title of the "Revolt of the Harem."

All the ladies, in gorgeous eastern costumes, rode out in defiance of their keepers, and a melee of glittering dresses and capering horses was the result, which, under the glare of gaslight, was very effective.

The part of a faithful slave, who, at the risk of his life, endeavored to prevent the escape of the women, was open, through a slight accident to the man who played it.

The advent of Harry Howard, or Cassim, as he was to be called, was therefore a lucky circumstance, as proving himself used to horses, and not in the least nervous, he was forthwith inducted into the vacant *role*.

No rehearsal was needed except just sufficient to teach him the business, and the ladies took no part in it, so it was not until night that he saw the real riders of the horses, whose manœuvres he had learned in the day time. His business was to attempt to stop the irruption of the women from a palace, to be knocked down, and apparently trampled upon, to rise again, and finally to be killed in the service of his master, being afterwards dragged away by a faithful horse.

All this was gone through in the morning, but there came a hitch at night.

The rebellion and alarm went off very well, and a procession of veiled ladies, with Cassim in attendance, rode forth with the Sultan, personated by Signor Armadini himself in dazzlingly gorgeous array.

The audience, which was packed from floor to ceiling, applauded vehemently, and then came a scene in the harem, where the ladies proposed to break their fetters, and do as the women of the wonderful west in the way of going about, &c.

Then came the famous scene where they rode out unveiled, defying custom and their lord's authority. Then Cassim, mounted on a splendid black horse, rides in among them and endeavors to restore them to order; face to face with the handsomest and most wilful termagant of them all, he strives to check her horse, to push him back; she lifts her jewelled dagger to him, and strikes him once, twice, he reels from the saddle to the ground, and the audience applaud till the roof rings.

But Cassim does not get up; he has forgotten the business of his part, and the horses tread over him in manner alarming to see. In vain the manager shouts "Not yet, man, not yet!" He does not move, and the spectators begin to shriek and presently to scream, as kick after kick is bestowed on the prostrate form by horses getting unmanageable in the confusion.

There is something wrong, and the Signor springs from his horse, and the women huddle out of the ring. A few words of apology from the ring master, and the black man is carried away, but not before a gentleman in the stalls has sprung from his seat and rushed to the door where a policeman stood.

"Here," he said, "I want you; there is my card. I am Mr. O'Grady, of the Dingles, Kildare."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, looking with a kind of reverence on the name so famous in police annals but a few years before.

"You saw the accident just now?"

"I did, sir."

"That man that was knocked down is Tristralle, the murderer of my brother. Come round with me at once."

"That black man, sir?" said the man in amazement, half incredulous, yet exultant as he thought of the large reward. "Are you sure, sir?"

"Quite sure. I know him well, and could have singled him out amongst a thousand. Our eyes met as he fell, he knows me, too."

"I doubt he's done for, sir," the policeman said, as they made their way round, "he got two or three terrible kicks; I saw one horse tread right upon his ribs.

Horace O'Grady shivered; he had come to Dublin on some business, and had an hour to spare before returning to Kildare by the last train; the circus was not far from the railway, hence his visit.

He had just entered when the accident took place, being attracted there by the fame of the infant Don Jose, which would follow the spectacle. Just as his card was presented to Signor Armadini the child came bounding out of the ring.

"O'Grady," said the Signor to himself, "what did *he* say about O'Grady? Go into my dressing room you little beggar, and if you dare as much as peep out till that gentleman is gone, I'll break every bone in your body, mind that."

The child obeyed in silence, only making a comical face at his master, of whom he was rapidly losing his fear, but it was well he did, or, in another moment, Horace O'Grady would have stood face to face with a living likeness of himself.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" asked the ring master, scrutinizing the new comer; "there are two with him now, he is going to be taken to the infirmary directly."

"If is alive, then; I am not a doctor, but I must see him for all that."

"He *is* alive, but it is only a question of a few hours; I don't think you can see him, sir."

"*I* must then," the policeman interposed, "I want him."

"You?"

"Yes, he is the man who murdered this gentleman's brother. There's a hundred pound waiting for the man as sabs him, and I mean to it."

The officer was impulsive for a policeman, but he was Irish and quick of speech, like the rest of his nation. Signor Armadini looked puzzled, "My Moor," he said.

"He's no more a Moor than I am," Horace O'Grady said quietly, "his name is Tristralle; he was formerly in the army, but was expelled his regiment for some misconduct. Since then he has been loafing about the United States under the name of Harry Howard, till he came to Ireland and murdered my brother in mistake for me. What has become of him since I do not know, though I have searched heaven and earth to find him. You see I know all about him, and I see by your face it is the same man. You will let me go in now, Signor Armadini?"

They made way for him without a word, and followed by the policemen, he passed into the barn-like dressing-room allotted to the inferior members of the establishment.

The men shrank aside as they saw the new comers, but a mightier person than that of any human law was there before them, the presence of death; the man who had personated the Moor was dying and lay in his spangled dress on a large heap of straw, hastily fetched from the stables, while such of the company as were not in the ring stood round in mute dismay.

It was a strange, incongruous scene; from the other side of the partition there came shouts and laughter, and the ringing tones of the band playing a lively tune as if to drown the groans of the man whose life they had just seen trampled out before their eyes.

The doctor looked up as the door opened. "It is no use to move him," one of them said, "the motion wou'd kill him directly and three hours at most will see the end."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEAD!

"'Ere the limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And the eyes close them,
Staring so blindly."—HOOD.

The brown stains had been washed from the face of the dying man, and the unforgotten eyes of Tristralle looked up clear and bright into the face of the man whose happiness he had ruined, as Horace O'Grady bent over him.

He could speak, without much pain, as it seemed, and something of the old sardonic smile came back into his face as he greeted him.

"You needn't have brought him," he said, pointing to the policeman, "it's all up."

"I'm sorry to see you like this, Tristralle; you have done me and mine wrong that all eternity can never remedy. I longed for revenge, but I never hoped to see it come like this."

"No, you would have had it come through the hangman's rope and the great moral lesson of the gibbet; that's a gentleman's revenge, is it not?"

"I might have killed you with my own hand before it came to that; I think I should," said Horace, in a choking voice.

"Oh, then it's better that I should have had my life trampled out of me by the brutes yonder, and they've done it. I heard what the doctor said, three hours; it isn't long, is it, to repent of one's iniquities? Turn out all these people and I'll tell you what sent me under their feet."

"Is it good for him to talk so?" Horace asked of the doctors.

"Not good, but nothing can harm him now. If he has anything to say to you hear it by all means."

They all withdrew, even the policeman, who saw his prisoner could not move and Ratty was alone with the dying man.

"Believe me I meant what I said just now," he repeated. "I am truly sorry to see you here and if there is anything I can do for you, any one to whom I can send——"

"There's not a living soul upon earth that cares whether I am alive or dead. I don't know or care what there is to meet on the other side of the grave, if there is another side, but I think I should like to hear you say you forgive me; your face tells me that you know all."

"I do."

"And brought the officers here to arrest me, if I were well enough?"

"I did."

"Then I've cheated the gallows after all. But tell me how did you find me out? what trace did I leave behind me?"

"Your cheese."

"O'Grady, will you believe me if I say I am truly sorry, that I have never known a peaceful moment since. I could have murdered you in my blind rage and revenge, without a moment's regret, but your brother never wronged me, and his wife——"

"You never thought of my wife—of either of them."

To save his life Horace O'Grady could not have withheld the reproach, though he was sorry for it the next moment.

"No," he replied, with a working face, "but you are wronged, and she has done it."

"She, who?"

"Your wife."

"My wife! Honor?"

"No, Nora. Your wish for revenge has been fulfilled, and she has risen from the grave where I laid her to kill me. It is just and merciful too, for by her intercession she has saved me from the hangman."

Ratty rose from where he was kneeling, in alarm; he thought delirium was setting in, and wanted to call for assistance.

"Don't do that," said the dying man, "I am in my senses yet; I am neither raving nor mistaken. I tell you in that tumult it was Nora's hand which pushed me from the saddle, and Nora's eyes which looked down into mine as the iron shoes of the horse sent my ribs in like crushed egg shells. It's awful pain O'Grady, but it's better than strangling."

Ratty sat sick and shivering with an undefined apprehension as he listened and thought of what Travers had told him only a few days before. It seemed to him that he must be in a dream from which he should wake up at the Dingles. The dying man dropped off into a doze and he quietly opened the door.

"I shall not leave him," he said to the Signor, who was hovering about, "can you send a telegram for me?"

"Certainly, my people are not all gone," he replied, pompously. Jim Myers volunteered to be the messenger; it was very brief.

"Horace O'Grady to George Travers. Am detained in Dublin till the morning; have found Tristralle, but he is dying."

"What is it, Jim?" his wife asked as they went out together with Nesta. "Who's the gentleman in there and how's Cassim?"

"Cassim's dying fast; this is a message to the telegraph and the gentleman's name is written down in here. I didn't rightly catch it."

"Let me look," said Nesta, snatching the paper from his hand and running on to the nearest lamp. Like all the circus troupe, she was greatly excited by what had happened and was trembling all over. In another moment she had thrust the paper back into his hands and was flying back in the direction of the circus as fast as her breathless agitation would allow her.

"God bless me, what's the matter?" they called after her.

"Nothing; I've forgotten something," she said.

"Don't wait for me!"

If Horace O'Grady was in a whirl of amazement at what had transpired and could hardly believe his senses, he would have doubted them still more could he have seen through the rough wall which divided the dressing-room from the arena, and seen there the crushed, hopeless figure of a woman, crouching in the darkness, with straining eyes and ears, gazing at what was going on inside, and almost holding her breath that she might not lose a syllable of either voice. The cirque was empty and dark; at another time she would have feared rats, mice, insects; nay, the very trampling of the tethered horses and the chattering of the caged monkeys would have been a terror to her; now she saw nothing, heard nothing but what was passing before her. The time passed wearily by, and the dying wretch dozed and Horace O'Grady watched with one or two of the many people. No help could be given, there was nothing to do but watch and the policeman went his way and reported what he had seen at the office, and other officials came to verify his story. Cunning newspaper men, anxious that their stories should be something like truth, in the morning came peering about and asking useless questions, and so the night wore on. It was turning to grey dawn when the final struggle came, and Tristralle woke to find the hand of the man he had injured so deeply holding refreshment to his parched lips. He struggled to speak and Horace bent his head to hear.

"I have heard parsons prate of Divine forgiveness," he said in a hoarse whisper, "I never believed in it; I do now."

Again a pause of stupor and then he went on:—

"You loved Nora, Horace?"

"Loved her!" was the answer coming with a groan of tender, loving affection, "only Heaven knows how deeply."

"Then remember her with love; she was worthy of it; she never wronged you, though, I tried hard to make her. I tempted her as woman is seldom tempted, but she was true. Listen; I swore I would never let you know this, but she was sent back from the other side the grave to make me speak and to kill me afterwards. She was your honest and true wife; I am dying and I say it."

"I thank thee, Heaven!" Horace ejaculated, as he listened, and then he asked, "Shall I bring a priest to you?"

"A priest to me!" and something of the old evil spirit lit up the dying face. "What for? To sit and mumble, and make me think that half an hour's prayers will undo the work of a life like mine. No. If there is a heaven or hell, I must find out the happiness or misery of them for myself."

"If? Oh, don't say that. But you speak clearer, stronger. Is the pain—"

"I am in no pain now and I know what that means. No. Don't call any one. No doctors can help me and they would not care to be fetched back to a circus

stable man. It's an odd end for the dashing captain, isn't it? A heap of straw and a clown's dressing-room. Queer adornments for a death chamber; lumps of chalk and spangled cockscombs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,802 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

UNION BOAT CLUB, Boston, Mass.—"Who rowed in the Harvard crew in 1852, 1857, 1858 and 1869, and what was the time for each year?".....In 1866, Wm. Blakie (stroke), E. T. Williamson, A. F. Loring, R. S. Peabody, E. N. Fenno and C. H. McBurney. Time, 18:43½. In 1857, A. F. Loring (stroke), W. H. Simmons, R. S. Redmond, C. F. Richards and W. Holdredge (bow). Time, 18:13¾. In 1858, A. F. Loring (stroke), R. C. Watson, W. H. Simmons, J. W. McBurney, W. W. Richards and Geo. W. Holdredge (bow). Time, 17:58¾. In 1869, F. O. Lyman (stroke), Theo Parsons, Jos. S. Fay, Jr., Grinnell Willis, G. J. Jones and A. G. Read (bow). Time, 18:02

AQUATIC STORY—1. The fastest race for the championship of the Thames was between the late Robt Chambers and tom White, the former winning in 20min. Like White, however in his race with Harry Clasper, rowed the distance in 23min. 13sec. 2 The report of the last race between Brown and Sadler which appeared in that Sunday sheet was begun, being written up in the office, as was said by perceivable from the bungling manner in which it was done. The race took place on the 19th instead of the 20th ult., as therein stated, and the steamers which left on the following day are not due here until Dec 1st.

W. D. C., Elmira, N. Y.—1. No; the "Ward crew" which pulled against the Harvard and St. John's six-oared crews in the regatta at Boston July 4th, 1869, was composed of Hank, Charley, Josh, Gil and Billy Ward, and Dr. Raymond. The Union all rowed in Lake Quinsigamond July 23d last year, against the Harvards. The St. John's man who pulled in the above race were not the "Paris crew." 2. Kit Burns is alive and still has the use of both "wings."

F. A. W., Syracuse.—The time of the first race between Ethan Allen and running mate Soc s against Flora Temple was 2:22½; 2:22; 2:23¾; the team winning. The time of the second race was 2:21¾; 2:20½; the team distanced in the second heat for running in the third race, the time was 2:24¾; 2:22; 2:22¼. In the fourth race, 2:23; 2:19¾; 2:21; the team winning both.

ROZZO, Pleasantville.—1. Anna Berger is not dead, but is traveling with the troupe bearing her name. 2. Photographs of that deceased minstrel are very scarce. 3. He is traveling with a gift show of Pullman's, through Pennsylvania. 4. See our dramatic columns each week for the movements of the company. 5. Items would be acceptable.

E. F. G., Washington.—1. Mr. Wemyss was considered a leading light comedian in his day, but it is thought would not compare very favorably with Murdoch or Wheatley in their prime. 2. Will am F. Wood was a great actor. 3. Edwin Booth and E. L. Davenport are considered by many as the best representatives of Hamlet at present on the stage

"PROVENCAL," New Orleans.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but we do not wish to put you to so much trouble. Letters on matters in any way connected with the CLIPPER should be addressed to the proprietor; the letter to which you refer, not being addressed to us, we did not see

W. H. L.—The late William E. Burton's last performance in this city as an actor was at Niblo's Garden, on Saturday evening, Oct. 15th, 1859 when he appeared for his benefit as Ebenezer Sudden in "Breach of Promise," Toby Tramp in "The Mummy," and Mic-awber in "David Copperfield."

J. G., Marquette, Mich.—If all the cards were dealt out regularly to each player and one card remained, that is the trump card. It is, however, there were not sufficient to deal the players three cards each after the passed suit had been repeatedly turned then a new deal must be had.

J. M., Wheeling, W. Va.—1. As you state the case, the B.'s having accepted the challenge of the A.'s and then refused to play, the latter are entitled to the game. 2. If the conduct of those waltzing to polka music is objectionable to the company, it is the duty of the floor manager to interfere.

C. W. T., Rochester.—Your question was answered in the CLIPPER of Nov. 20th. Both entertainments—Bryants' and the Tammany—are given in the same building. The late Democratic meeting was held in the auditorium of the Tammany, the same as is now used for theatrical entertainments.

M., Steubenville, O.—1. A dollar and sixty-five cents for one time. 2d $3 for three times. 3. The same number as the first notice. 4. The staff consists of about thirty-two. You cannot obtain them in this country, only from some troupe that have a set to sell. They are purchased in England.

RAIL BALL, Waynesburg, Pa.—1. The Mutual-Red Stocking game will be found in the CLIPPER of Nov. 13. 2. In the Atlantic-Union game of Oct. 6, 1868, the nine of the latter club was as follows:—Goldie, Austin, Marun, Pabor, Wright, Birdsall, Shelley, Smith, Reynolds.

ALL RIGHT, Quincey.—1. The shooting of Thomas Sharpley took place on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 11, 1867, in front of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. 2. Wood, of the Eckfords, is considered by some to be the best second baseman, and sensenderfer, on the Athletics, the best centre field.

GRIMSHAW.—1. Billy Birch and Dan Bryant are two of the best in the business. 2 There are a great many good olio performers. 3. Not having taken the trip, we cannot inform you; probably $2,000 in gold would see you through.

J. K. AND P. R., Cleveland.—Your statement is not a clear one. If C only wanted two pelot to go out, and after the cards were run he held the ace of the suit turned up, he is necessarily out. You do not state the ground of dispute

C. F. C. S., Baltimore.—1. Elise Holt is on her way from the west at present and may possibly play in your city. 2. The Florences play in your city this week. 3. We are not advised of Lotta's future movements.

BASE BALL PLAYER.—Our opinion on this subject was expressed in our issue of the 20th. The Atlantics certainly had time between July and November to have visited Cincinnati, if they had so desired.

CONSTANT READER, Washington D. C.—"Was it the Dean Richmond or the St. John that blew up on the Hudson river three or four years ago?".....The boiler of the steamer St. John exploded as she was entering the dock, foot of Canal street, this city.

R., Schenectady, N. Y.—1. Yankee Sullivan's height was 5 feet 10½ inches and his weight 158 pounds. 2. We cannot answer positively, as the reports neglected to state full particulars. The CLIPPER was not in existence at that time.

C. C. G., St. Louis, Mo.—We cannot insert such a challenge when unaccompanied by money, which is just as easily obtained now as after making the match. Besides, the terms are so ridiculous that there is no earthly prospect of anything coming from it.

QUAKER ONE.—1 he gentleman who has attended to those matters on the Sea Is his criticisms, where amateurs have been at fault, it is good policy to point them out instead of bestowing indiscriminate praise.

J. A. H., East Birmingham, Pa.—1. He was not acknowledged as such. 2. There is no reliable record of such time. 3. The fastest two mile time is 9:41, made by Lang; 5 miles, 24:57, by Jackson, the "American Deer."

J. G. H., Centralia.—1. We do not give the address of the private residence of ladies in the profession. 2. They are aged respectively 21, 20 and 19 years. 3 Your other question respecting the character of the ladies we cannot answer. 4. See last week's CLIPPER.

P. H. B., Philadelphia.—At forty-five, if you have not a trump in spades, you are not obliged to play a heart, when the ace of hearts, which is a trump, is led. You can throw away from any suit on it.

J. P.—1. Bean not win on a flush of three cards. A player at casino can build more than one pile, if his hand justifies it. The cards are dealt four at a time. 3. It will cost C $1 to see B's straddle of 50 cents.

F. B.—Edwin Booth commenced his run of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden theatre, his city, on Nov. 25th, 1864, and on March 27d, 1865, he gave it for the one hundredth and last time, for his benefit. This was before the Lincoln assassination

G. L. G.—Three aces at raffles beat 17; but if you are throwing the best aggregate of three raffles you must have it clearly understood before commencing how many three aces shall count. Failing to do this we cannot decide for you.

L. S., Altoona, Pa.—T m Sayers defeated Crouch, Collins, Jack Grant, Mathis, Sims, Paulson, Aaron Jones, Perry, Benjamin (twice), Paddock and Brettle; fought draws with Collins, Jones and Heenan, and was defeated by Nat Langham.

BARNEY AARON, Phila.—The right to vote of a colored man in New York depends on a property qualification, he must own and pay tax on $250 worth of real property, over all incumbrances, and be registered like white men; then he can vote

D. McG.—1. Certainly. B can raise on four aces. 2. Tom King was born in Kingston, London Eng. He fought Tommy Truckle, Young Broome, Jem Mace (twice, and Heenan. Tommy Truckle was born in Portsmouth; he fought Smith and King.

HOBOKEN.—1. The idea that a person laying odds in wine necessarily loses is exploded, and was only originated by grog-shop keepers. If you won the bet on its merits your friend must pay. 2. C. V. W. P., Buffalo.—The lady has been on the stage since she was seven years of age. Her husband travels with her. She is a granddaughter of the great actress by the same name.

C. R. F., Central Falls.—Dockrity and Heugler are considered among the best double song and dance men, and after a single dance Billy Emerson and Bonby Newcomb enjoy a good reputation.

W. C., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Yes. Heenan returned to this country July 11, 1861. He fought King Dec. 10, 1863. This answers W. H. E. also.

A. B., Montreal.—1. The lady has married (a second time), retired from the stage and is residing in this city. 2. See answer to your checker question in this week's CLIPPER.

W. L. B., Pittsburgh.—Of the two performers you mention, J. W. McAndrews is considered the best, but their line of business is entirely different.

A READER, Saugerties.—Lisa Weber left the Lydia Thompson Troupe May 28th, and appeared at the Grand Opera House, in the "Tempest," on Oct. 4th.

GYMNAST, Alleghany.—The lady is at present in the south traveling with Ames' circus, and will probably continue with that show all winter.

J. McG., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We have no record of his time for the distance you mention. The course from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, is 4¼ miles in length

Fourth Deck, Tiverton.—Three deuces beat three aces at poker dice. Aces are the lowest and sixes the highest denominations with dice.

LITTLE NELL, New Orleans.—1. The lady is in the west. 2. We never answer such questions as your second one, relative to the private character of ladies of the profession.

TRAGEDY, Washington.—E. L. Davenport and Harry Watkins opened the Chambers Street Theatre, this city, on Feb. 25d, 1857, under the title of "The American."

ALPHA, Baltimore.—1. The "Little Lottie" alluded to is a literary contribution for the CLIPPER. 2. Kate Reignolds is a native of this country.

"HAVANA CIGAR."—Taylor & Co., 16 Wall street, this city, are agents for the Royal Havana Lottery of Cuba. We do not answer questions by mail.

S. T. C., Washington, D. C.—"Our Jim" had one quietly stowed away, and has been "induced" to send it to you. Has it reached you yet?

NELLY, Lowell.—Isabella Stewart, that was, is now Mrs. Frank Barry. She is at present residing in this city and a letter sent to this office will reach her.

AN ADMIRER, Norwalk.—As a double song and dance, Dockrity and Heugler were the first to sing it here, but it was done long before their time as a wash around.

F. C. B., Boston.—The best time of trotting three straight heats was 2:19¾, by Lady Thorn. Godsmith Maid's fastest three heats was 2:20, made at Buffalo.

E. S. K., Wheatpatch, Conn.—B, having sold his chance, has nothing more to do with it; and C, who purchased it, must throw off the tie himself with E.

S. C. S., Baltimore.—If the Marylands refused to play after having agreed to meet the Olympics in the home and home game, they have not been on the championship list.

J. B. F., Salisbury, Pa.—It was Jimmy Dwyer instead of Billy who lately fought Tony Marsey. Dwyer won, owing to an alleged foul by Patsy.

J. McL.—1. The seconds of Jimmy Elliott in his fight with Charley Gallagher at Peach Island, were Dan Barron and Tom Allen. 2. They are one and the same

WINTER'S GARDEN.—The expression, although in common use in speaking of an actor, is not grammatically correct, although it may be technically right

OPERA.—1. William Newcomb has been considered the best. Dan Bryant is considered one of the best at present on the stage. 2. George Danforth, of the Georgia Minstrels is said to be very good. A. A. P., Washington.—Such a piece was performed years ago at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but we never heard of Maggie Mitchell playing in it.

AUTHENTIC, Mich.—It is cleverly written, but a trifle too "exuberant" for our columns.

OAK HILL.—What were the questions? We have no recollection of them.

C. M. S., Jamestown, N. Y.—You will find the cards of several dealers in game boards in the CLIPPER, to which we refer you

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—The marriage of Jennie Worrell is true, as stated in last week's CLIPPER.

J. McD., Memphis, Tenn.—We have files of our own and therefore do not need any others.

A SUBSCRIBER, Of Izago, Ill.—Heenan fought twice in England—with Sayers and King.

SAMOS, Covington.—Legal Tender's mile time, 1:41, made at Cincinnati, was the fastest recorded time previous to Sept. 24, 1866.

PLUTO, Boston.—We were informed, a few weeks ago, that he was in an asylum in or near Charlestown, Mass.

O. S.—A player cannot demand to look at the pack while playing his hand at any game.

J. R. H., Janesville.—A, having pegged out before he was actually out, loses the game.

SUBSCRIBER, Harlem.—We have known more than one instance where 29 has been held at cribbage.

J. D.—The "Gunmaker of Moscow" was played at the Chambers Street Theatre, this city, in 1854, by E. Eddy.

B. F. P., Boston.—Mr. Robinson played under that gentleman's management this summer for a few weeks.

J. F. H., Boston.—The National Theatre, Boston, was destroyed by fire the last time on March 23d, 1853.

TONKERAS.—In euchre, if D orders A to take it up, the latter cannot go alone.

L. L., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The name of your hall is recorded in our weekly list, as you will see by reading the same.

PITTSBURGH.—You cannot go alone when another orders you up, in euchre.

W. COOKE POPE, Detroit.—The $1 was received and the advertisement was inserted.

MISS ADAH WADSWORTH.—See M. Hartz's "ad." in another column.

INQUISITIVE, Hoboken.—Lotta is an American. She has lately passed her twenty-first birthday; is not married.

C. L. G.—Patsy Reardon was born at Bandon, County of Cork, Ireland, in 1839.

WAKEFIELD.—She never appeared at Niblo's Garden in any piece to the best of our knowledge.

INTERESTED.—You can be prevented from using the name of another individual.

J. W. H., Boston.—Senator Charles Sumner's present term expires this year, but he was re-elected for the ensuing term.

FRED.—We do not think that the part would at all suit Lucille Western.

G. F. D., Urbana, O.—We do not deal in them. Write to some of our advertisers, who may accommodate you

J. B. F., Boston.—1. We cannot inform you whether Alice has a sister by that name or not. 2 Dickie is her sister.

JAMES, San Antonio.—As we cannot give you her precise address, but a letter sent to our care would reach her.

G. D. B., St. Louis.—1. Write to the Secretary of the National Association, and he will give you all the information you desire.

GLANCE, Philadelphia.—Write to A. H. Wright, *Sunday Mercury*, Philadelphia.

F. T. M., Boston, Mass.—No; King defeated Heenan.

C. H. MCCONNELL, Detroit.—It costs $2.70.

J. F. B.—Mr. Bonner paid $35,000 for Dexter.

SEA, Bridgeport.—Dexter's best time was 2:17¾, in harness.

"GYPSY."—Received, and will appear.

JOHN D. WALKER, Detroit.—Four dollars.

OMAR E. FORBES.—Cash received.

M. S., Trenton.—Anna Cruise Dowell is engaged in Chicago

SUBSCRIBER.—See answer to another correspondent.

J. C. B., Cleveland, O.—James Mace never fought Tom Sayers.

J. F., Altoona.—No.

A FRIEND, New Haven.—Bismuth is the article used.

GUY, Mobile.—Shall be pleased to hear from you regularly.

THE PRIZE RING.

Years ago, in merry England, the prize ring was an institution of the country, and some of the noblest in the land lent it their sanction and influence. Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Gentleman Jackson, Jack Langan, Dan Donnelly, and more like them, were almost idols with certain classes of the people, and when any of those we have named were announced to appear in the magic circle, "lords of high degree," sprigs of nobility, and even scions of royalty were sure to be at the ring side to witness the sport, for then peace reigned outside of the ropes and stakes, and a man was as free from insult or rudeness there as he would be in the House of Parliament. And there was seldom any disappointment in those days—when men were matched, it was to win or lose on their merits, not by the aid of a hired gang of roughs, as is too often the case now-a-days. Ireland, at the time we speak of, was ably represented in her muscular sovereignty by that paragon of all that is manly—the renowned Dan Donnelly; he was Ireland's champion, and well and honorably did he fill the position. When he met the famous Cooper near the Kurragh of Kildare, in the presence of twenty thousand persons from all parts of the kingdom, his countrymen had such confidence in his indomitable pluck and iron will, that they backed up their representative to the utmost farthing at their command, and the result proved that their confidence had not been misplaced, for Dan Donnelly came out the victor of the battle in twenty-two minutes. His countrymen were almost wild with excitement, and carried the victor triumphantly from the field of strife. We have no Dan Donnelly now; at least, no one has come forth to fill his place, of late years. "Yankee Sullivan" was one of the bravest of his day, and never flinched from the conflict, no matter who his adversary might be, nor what the disadvantages he labored under. *He* was a worthy fistic representative of the country that gave birth to Dan Donnelly.

But for SIX or seven years past the Ring in England, as well as in this country, has been ruled by mobs, until few but those of the rough element care to be seen at the Ring side. Exponents of the manly art can no longer find the influential backers and patrons who formerly took an interest in this sport, for they have become disgusted with mob rule, and leave the pugs to get along as best they can; and until this mob spirit is eradicated, root and branch, "manly artists" can expect to meet with little encouragement or favor. The disgraceful *fiascoes* that have been brought to the notice of the public of late have sent the P. R. to a greater depth than it ever reached before, and total annihilation will be the ultimate result if those who have the interests of the Ring at heart do not interpose their strong arm, and put down the riotous and thieving element that now controls it.

A few friends of McCoole, with whom we have recently conversed, assure us that he has been the victim of a clique who have used him for their own purposes, and tied his hands, as it were, compelling him to act against his own inclinations, and making enemies of those who would have been his staunchest friends. We shall certainly be pleased to learn that McCoole is not the man his recent actions would seem to indicate.

We have recently received quite a number of communications from different parts of the country, requesting us to re-publish the life and battles of Dan Donnelly. As it has been a number of years since they were published, and as they are, and have been for a long time, out of print, we have concluded to give them a re-publication in the CLIPPER, commencing in our issue of Dec. 18th.

POACHING AND SHOOTING.

Men who go after other men's wives are apt to get into difficulty at times, for it is not every man that cares to have another individual poaching upon his preserves as it were. Occasionally, husbands become unreasonable and insist upon shooting to death the well meaning poacher; others less cruelly disposed, are content to cut a man's ears off, or punch his eyes out, and otherwise maltreat the invader of his marital rights. We have always noticed that when a "betrayed husband" is deluded into violating another commandment by killing another man, the newspapers all sympathise with the "outraged husband," and pitch into the criminal conversationalist like he was food for worms; but circumstances alter cases, we are told, and when one of our own set gets caught in the toils, then we must go back on ourselves, and eat our own words, so to speak. Now we had a case of this sort the past week, when the office of the *New York Tribune*—a paper that opens out severely on the lambs when they have a "little go" with nature's weapons, and calls them "brutes," etc.—was the scene of "a bloody tragedy," to put it in the style of our sensational reporters. It appears that a man named McFarland had a wife, and from that fact originated all the trouble. This wife, instead of clinging to her husband like the tender ivy clings to the mammouth oak, seems to have "loved another man twice as well," as the old song goes; and he, the other man, reciprocated the tender passion, as you may observe, and all went merry as a marriage bell, "bar one," as we may say in sporting parlance. "Bar one" was McFarland—*he* didn't like the look of things, for he loved his wife with that idolatry so often alluded to in novels, but seldom witnessed in real life; and doubtless he became offended at the liberties taken by the other man, and he "laid for him"—laid for him at the office of that great advocate of moral reform, the *New York Tribune*. The other man, the poacher chap, in all the majesty and dignity of a newspaper writer, walked along the street unconscious of the punishment that threatened him at the hands of the man who was laying for him. His mind filled with beautiful thoughts of the woman he loved, and accounts of various wicked transactions which he intended to write out for the *Tribune*, the poacher went gladly to his doom. As he entered the office where they make public opinion and morals for the people, the outraged one rose from his lair, where he had been a layer, caught a glimpse of the trespasser upon his preserves, and "click," "bang," went a revolver, and the man who had passed through so many scenes in our late un-civil war found himself wounded in the stomach. *He* was taken to the Astor House to be doctored, while the revolver man was taken to the Tombs to be judged. And now we see the difference of altered circumstances, for being a member of the press the poacher has the sympathies of that engine for good or evil, while the "outraged husband" is condemned by those very papers which have heretofore applauded similar acts when the killed and wounded did *not* belong to the press. Why may not McFarland have been totally conscious the moment before and the moment after the deed was committed, but insane at the instant of its commission? as a jury not long since declared was the case with a man placed in a predicament similar to that in which McFarland finds himself now.

A PIOUS FRIEND of ours is rather severe upon certain public performers whom he has been listening to while "off duty." He says the standard of popular amusements must be considerably lowered when such people are *hired* to perform for the edification of pleasure seekers. Just so; our pious friend has been in some of the Broad "dives," no doubt.

CAN A TEACHER who endeavors to plant the seeds of pride and vanity in the heart and mind of youth be classified as a *haughty*-culturist?

A LATE CINCINNATI JURY had among its members a man who had been in the penitentiary for robbery and the man whom he had robbed. All "good men and true."

Squibs and Things.

— An exchange paper says:—"Six car loads of cattle and one car load of hogs passed over the Orange and Alexandria railroad one day last week. The cattle were intended for Baltimore and the hogs for Washington." Birds of a feather, &c.

— At a late meeting of the Fat Men's Association eleven new members were admitted whose combined avoirdupois was 2,659 pounds, the lightest weight being 210 pounds and the heaviest 326.

— The celebrated "Gurney horse," said to be fifty-one years old, died at Alexandria, Licking county, Ohio, recently. He was exhibited at the State fair at Newark, in 1852, and was then quite grey.

— A party of gentlemen lately ascended to the top of one of the towers of Notre Dame and one of them precipitated himself to the street. Rather a precipitate method of "shuffling off," &c.

— Fuel and provision cars are to be attached to the trains on the Pacific Railroad during the winter, so that in case a train gets snowed in the passengers will not freeze or starve to death.

— There are 4,730 *cafés* in Paris, the annual receipts of which amount to $24,000,000. There are 10,000 waiters employed in them, who attend to the wants of 750,000 persons every evening.

— A Mr. and Mrs. Mink were lately divorced at Waldboro, Me. They had been married forty-seven years, have twenty-four children and have each lived over three score and ten years.

— A hostile dog, of Pittsfield, Warren Co., Pa., recently killed forty-eight of his master's sheep in one night. What is the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" about?

— Surveys for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien are to be made by the United States Government, and a naval expedition will sail about the 1st of January for this purpose.

— Two deer were killed in Cape May County, New Jersey, a few days since, by a party of hunters from Camden. One of the deer weighed 150 pounds, and the other 175 pounds.

— Mr. Chambers, who has had the management of the Fashion Course for the past two years, has given up his lease and sold out his "fixins." He intends going south. Ah!

— In Monroe county, Ky., lives a Mr. Goodman, who has been married three times and has thirty-three children, all boys. He ought to have a premium for carrying the male.

— A bill has been passed by the Vermont Legislature, which holds liquor dealers responsible for the damage to person or property done by those obtaining liquors of them.

— The keeper of a pack of hounds in France lately neglected to feed them for several days—when he finally entered the kennel the dogs set upon and devoured him.

— During the eight years that Gen. Spinner has been Secretary of the Treasury $450,000,000 has passed through his hands and all accounted for to the last cent.

— A colored convict at the Nashville Penitentiary was lately pardoned on the strength of a petition presented by his mother, the signatures to which were all forged.

— A man in Louisville, while drunk the other day, took up a shot gun to shoot a person who had assaulted him the day before, and accidentally blew his own head off.

— Physicians say that rheumatism has increased twenty-five per cent. since the introduction of wooden seats, instead of cushioned ones, in our street railroad cars.

— A young man in St. Louis was recently excommunicated from the church to which he belonged for stealing $1,000 from the weekly collection since February last.

— A Chinese lady, whose husband had made arrangements to dispose of her in liquidation of a debt, lately "blocked his little game" by committing suicide.

— The compensation of the Long Island Laboratory Company for using up the dead cats, dogs, etc., found in the city has been raised from $15,000 to $60,000.

— It is estimated that the United States has expended, since 1844, over $8,000 000 in making surveys preparatory to laying out the route for a Pacific railroad.

— Mr. John Bissell and wife, of Concord, N. H., have lived together in peace for seventy years. They celebrated their pearl wedding two weeks ago.

— Illinois has over 5,000 practising physicians. Wonder how much the health of the state would be improved if the doctors became patients of each other.

— Mr. Mullett's plans for the New York Post Office building were approved of by the Postmaster General and Secretary of the Treasury on the 25th of Nov.

— Two gunners, on an expedition to Havre-de-Grace, Md., are said to have bagged sixty-six canvas-back ducks in two days. Must have had good sized bags.

— "Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, thinks that the heated liquids in the centre of the earth render it a very unsafe place to stay on." Let's all get off of it.

— Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, was at Ujiji, May 13th, 1869, from whence a letter has been received, stating that he was in good health.

— Two hundred and forty Chinese women arrived at San Francisco by one steamer on the 21st of Nov. Wonder what uses *they* will be put to.

— The present "crier" of the County Court of Pittsylvania, Va., has not missed a court for forty-eight years. He's had a good, long cry of it.

— The Episcopal Church is making Indians into missionaries. Three Santee Indians have been ordained by Bishop Clarkson in Nebraska.

— There are 1,618 national banks in the United States and Territories, and on the 9th of October their resources amounted to $1,497,226,604.

— Captain James R. Wheeler, an officer on board the Kearsarge at the fight with the Alabama, was lately appointed Consul to Jamaica.

— The hull of the Ironsides, burnt at League Island, in the Delaware, after the close of the war, has been towed up to Cooper's Point.

— The Sultan's dinner to the French Empress, given at Constantinople on the 17th of October, cost about 150,000 piastres, $8,000 in gold.

— A golden wire one-thirteenth of an inch in thickness is capable of sustaining 150 pounds weight. A little gold does a great deal.

— London has 100,000 children who have no proper guardians and are under the tuition and control of beggars and thieves.

— The Legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill, by a vote of 58 to 16, prohibiting the importation of Chinamen into that State.

— A museum of art is likely to be established in this city soon—some of our leading citizens are "talking up" the matter.

— Northern Michigan produced $400,000,000 in 1868. The products were from mines, forests, fisheries, quarries and salines.

— A French writer says:—In 1847 the sale of champagne amounted to 9,000,000 bottles. Now it amounts to 22,000 000.

— One morning the past week a young girl, 16 years of age, appeared in the Park as one of the boot-black brigade.

— A German-American commercial school is about to be opened at Berlin. Good! American ideas are progressing.

— A man in Kentucky asks for pecuniary aid for encouraging home productions. He has twenty eight children.

— Work was commenced on the new trotting track, between Melrose and Morrisania, Westchester county, last week.

— A two year old colt was recently found in Phillips, Me., with a number of porcupine quills sticking in his hide.

— A juvenile mastodon has been captured in northern Montana. It is two years old and stands seven feet high.

— A bear, weighing 325 pounds, was killed in Tompkinsville, Monroe County, Pa., a few days since by David Catsut.

— American Girl has been sent into winter quarters near Harlem. During the season she has participated in 22 races.

— The Fifth District of New Jersey has paid $385,329 as tax on the beer manufactured during the present year.

— An expensive concern is the Chateau Lafitte Vineyard owned by Rothschild. It costs him $16,000 a year.

— Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of suicide, at least so said Dr. H. D. Ranney, in a lecture one night last week.

— Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, has tendered his resignation on account of his advanced age.

— San Francisco—whose population is 160,000—appropriated $400,000 for educational purposes last year.

— Eight magnificent Arab horses were recently presented to the Emperor of Austria by the Sultan of Turkey.

— The United States arsenal at Baton Rouge has been ordered to be discontinued by the Secretary of War.

— The printers of San Francisco, Cal., have started a neat and readable paper called the *Town and Stage*.

— $700,000 have been subscribed toward defraying the expenses of the proposed international exhibition.

— A lady in Kentucky is reported to have died from immoderate laughter over the arrest of Gen. Butler.

— A Parisian fortune teller has accumulated a fortune of 700,000 francs during the past eight years.

— Marshal Barlow has taken possession of the thirty gun boats built in this country for Spain.

— The Prussian government has remodelled its old arms and it has now 1,610,000 needle guns.

— An Irish political prisoner, O'Donovan Rossa, has been elected to the British Parliament.

— Otis Tufts, patentee of the hotel elevator, realized $4,000,000 from his invention, it is said.

— Massachusetts has a population of 1,200,000—of which females are in the majority by 40,000.

— Engineers are now engaged in making surveys for the underground railway in this city.

— There is a negress in the colored home in this city known to be at least 105 years old.

— A statue to the memory of Wm. Tell is to be erected in the canton of Uri, Switzerland.

— It is reported that there is but one new ship on the stocks in the port of New York.

— At the Oregon State Fair the prize for ploughing was awarded to a Chinaman.

— On the 26th of Nov. gold sold in Wall street at 124¾, the lowest rate since 1863.

— Lady Thorn has retired to Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, for the winter season.

— The distilleries in Prussia consume more potatoes than the people eat.

— The deer in Washington Co., Mo., are rapidly dying of black tongue.

— Trout breeding at Oconomowac, Wis., is likely to be successful.

— The Hotel Dieu Hospital in Paris is heated with electricity.

— Fox hunting is a favorite sport in Sussex County, New Jersey.

— Only nine veterans of the war of 1813 now remain in this city.

— Ten thousand Chinese waiters are wanted at Chicago.

TERPSICHORE SOCIAL UNION.—The members of this organization intend holding their fifth annual ball at Irving Hall on the evening of Dec. 6th, and we tender our acknowledgments for an invitation to "assist." May they enjoy a very pleasant re-union.

THE TURF.

Trotting on Long Island

On Wednesday, Nov. 24th, a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, between Ben Daniels' roan mare Village Girl, to wagon, and Mr. Harbeck's bay gelding, in harness, with M. Roden driving, came off on the Fashion Course. The track was fetlock deep in mud, and the weather was so bad that only ten people were on the course to witness the race. The betting was even, and the bay gelding won the first heat in 2:49. The second, third and fourth heats were won by Village Girl in 2:49¼; 2:49; 2:47¾; thus winning the race. Mr. Lovell is making Village Girl earn her hay and corn, for this is the fifth race she has had since he bought her a month ago.

On the Union Course, on Thursday, Nov. 25th, two trots formed the day's sport. The weather was fine but cold, the attendance far from large. The first trot was a sweepstake race which had been postponed from the previous day on account of the rain, and was between Dr. H. Ogle's bay gelding Red Rover, J. Murphy's bay gelding Soger, and M. Roden's black mare Kate McGovern. One mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for the nominal amount of $750; but we are inclined to think that if the final cypher was struck off, the sum would be nearer the mark. Kate McGowan was the favorite against the field before the start and the race throughout was one of the closest and best contested that the Union Course has witnessed this season. Red Rover won the first heat cleverly by two lengths in 2:51½, and he at once took Kate McGowan's place in the betting, being backed to win against the field. The second heat was won by John Murphy's horse Soger by a length in 2:53¼, Red Rover being second. The latter still continued the favorite at longer odds than before, for his gameness and ability to repeat are well known. The third heat was won by Red Rover after a most exciting contest with Soger; time 2:54¾. The fourth heat was won by Soger in 2:52½, he beating Red Rover by the shortest of heads in the last stride after a magnificent struggle between the pair every inch of the way up the homestretch. This did not affect Rover's position in the betting, and his staying qualities were manifested by his winning the fifth and deciding heat by half a length from Kate in 2:51, the fastest time made in the race. The horses were remarkably well matched, trotting every heat so closely that until they crossed the score it was difficult to tell which would be the winner. The track was very heavy and holding after the previous day's heavy rain and the partially melted frost, which made the course muddy and sticky, and the time made was excellent under the circumstances.

The second trot was a match for $500, between Hiram Howe's bay gelding Nameless and L. S. Samis' bay gelding Billy, mile heats, three in five, to wagon. Nameless won easily in three straight heats; time, 2:58½; 3:00; 3:00.

On Friday, Nov. 26th, a match for $50 a side (but announced for $500 by the proprietor of this course) came off between Mr. W. Lovell's bay gelding Big Jim, driven by Ben Daniels, and Mr. A. Noble's sorrel gelding Star, driven by J. Magee. The race was mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and was won in four heats by Star, Jim taking the first heat. Before the start Jim was the favorite at $50 to $20, and after he had won the first heat with great ease, owing to Star breaking badly, $30 to $10 was current. He tired badly on the second and third heats and broke repeatedly, and when they started for the fourth heat, $100 to $15 was laid on Star winning. The time was 3:00; 2:56½; 2:53½; 2:53. This will be Jim's last appearance on the turf, as his owner is satisfied he will never make a No. 1 last trotter on the track, although he will be valuable as a roadster.

On Saturday, Nov. 27th, two trots were announced on the Fashion Course, but only one came off, owing to the unfavorable weather; rain falling without intermission all the afternoon. The postponed race was a sweepstakes between Gus Noble's bay mare, Anna; Dr. Ogle's bay gelding, Red Rover and G. Harris' bay gelding, Jake. The other event was a "Milkmen's Race" for a sweepstakes of $400, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The course was cleared by the bay gelding Shoo Fly, H. Zifer's sorrel gelding Champagne Charlie; G Shultz's sorrel gelding, Meerschaum and N. Maeder's brown mare Lady Ledger. Shoo Fly won in four heats, Champagne Charlie taking the second. Time 3:10; 3:05; 3:06; 2:55.

The Metairie, New Orleans Fall Races.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, NOV. 27th.

The Metairie Jockey Club of New Orleans commenced their fall meeting on Saturday Nov. 27th. The weather was far from favorable, being damp and foggy, notwithstanding which the attendance was very large, and the sport highly interesting. The first race was for the sweepstakes for all ages, dash of two miles, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $500 added by the club; the second receiving $200. It was won by H. W. Babcock's chestnut colt Helmbolo, 3 yrs., by Australian, dam Lavender, by Wagner, beating W. C. Lipscombe's bay colt Locust Post, 4 yrs., and J. F. Chenault's bay filly Bloanita 4 yrs., and Richards and Kilgour's black filly Kitty Free. Time 3:55¾.

The second race was for the Club Purse of $400; the second horse taking $100, mile heats. This was won by Messrs. Holland and Bacon's bay colt Corsican, 4 years, beating Abe Beker (second), Colonel Roberts, and Morgan Scout, Little Mac, Jeff Jennings, Sarah McDonald and Montgomery's colt were all distanced in the first heat. Time 1:49¾; 1:48¾.

The New York owned horse, Helmbold, is proving himself a first-class horse for a distance. We are glad to hear his owner has won heavily by his success.

New Stakes at Saratoga and Jerome Park.

The Saratoga Association have opened two new stakes to be run at the first and second meetings held there next summer. The first is the Kentucky Stakes, so named in honor of the world-famous racer, for two year olds, $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000, dash of one mile. This stake closes on the 1st of January, and the following eight gentlemen have already subscribed:—Messrs. Bowie and Hall, Sanford, Morris, Donnell, Sensson and Crawford, Jerome, Gibbons, and Hunter and Travers. The second is named the Kenner Stakes, after that distinguished southern turfman, Duncan F. Kenner, Esq., and is for three year olds, $500 entrance, half forfeit, with $3,000 added, two miles. This stake, which

BILLIARDS.

CLOSING OF THE SERIES MATCH BETWEEN HEWINS AND BENJAMIN.—THE LATTER VICTORIOUS.—At the town hall in Meriden, Conn., on the 23d ult., Ralph Benjamin, of Portchester, and M. H. Hewins, of Hartford, concluded the series of three French games which constituted their latest match. Each game was 150 points up on a Standard American four-pocket table, the stake being $100 a side. The first game, played at Meriden about two months ago, was won by Hewins; the second, played at Portchester a month later, was played out under protest from Benjamin, and it has not yet been decided which player, if either, won it. The third game, played on the 23d, was won by Benjamin, who led nearly throughout, and at the close had a majority of 18 points. The best runs were—Benjamin, 5, 5, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 8 and 11; Hewins, 5, 5, 5, 6 and 8. The winner's average was 1⅝. At one stage (from the 81st to the 90th innings) there were eighteen successive plays for safety. Prominent among the notabilities were Michael Phelan, Gershom S. Hubbell, of Hartford, and Mr. Bancroft, of New Haven. Mr. Phelan officiated as referee, and, as this game led to no protest, it follows that his decisions were according to rule. Although closely watching each other, Hewins walked off unchallenged with one foul shot, and so did Benjamin, who, on another occasion, however, was caught by his opponent. Betting was quite lively, the referee alone holding stakes to the amount of $600. Among the spectators were several ladies, one having journeyed from Hartford on purpose to witness the contest.

DERBY AND DION TO PLAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Cyrille Dion has abandoned his unreasonable demand for $500 in gold, in addition to his expenses, and consents to go to San Francisco if guaranteed his expenses and something else. He has been guaranteed all that, as a last resort, he calls for, and it is now settled that he and Deery will play in San Francisco for the diamond cue, either on the 22d or 24th of December. The selection of these dates throws the contest about two months behind its proper time. Cyrille was to have started for San Francisco on the 20th, probably as one of the pleasure party which for some time has been being made up in Montreal.

ANOTHER MATCH BETWEEN PARKER AND SNYDER.—The result of the contest for the championship of Illinois between Frank Parker and Peter Snyder being deemed highly unsatisfactory, another match has been arranged between these men. It is for $250 a side, and will be played at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, December 4th. As matter of record, we append that the average of Parker in the championship match (the result of which we gave last week), was 15 80-78, and his best run 129. The average of Snyder was 10 47-78, and his best run was but 60. This miserable exhibition on the part of Snyder, who, in the great tournament last spring, discounted the playing he made against Parker, resulted from gross neglect of himself prior to the contest. He was in no condition to handle a cue and his opponent had a walk-away. It is to be hoped that Snyder will retrieve himself on the 4th inst. The match has been made for the purpose of demonstrating that, if in his senses, he can play much better than he did week before last.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—The tournament for the championship of Ohio was to have been inaugurated at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 29th ult. It was thought that it would close on the night of the 1st inst., the design being to make the contests "short, sharp and decisive." Michael Phelan was telegraphed for, and started on the 27th.

NEIL BRYANT GOING INTO THE BUSINESS.—This popular minstrel and fine amateur billiardist is about to open a superb billiard room on Broadway, near the corner of Thirty-second street. It is thought that the holidays will witness its inauguration.

PUT OFF UNTIL JANUARY.—It is now announced that the projected grand tournament at the three-ball game in Chicago, which has twice been postponed, will take place in January next.

WILLIAM BOSY AND P. L. BUNSON played a game of 500 points, caroms, at the Globe Saloon, Reading, Pa., on the 23d inst. Bosy, who is not yet 14 years old, won by 136 points.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN WESTCHESTER.—On Tuesday, the 25d of November, a match—32 single birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary—was decided at Brownsville, Westchester county, N. Y., between George Harrison and Geo. Raner, against Joseph Thwaites and William Cleaver. Harrison and Raner took the $50 dependant upon the issue and the other two gentlemen had the pleasure of paying for the dinners. The following is the score:—

Harrison	11011110—6	Thwaites	01111010—5
Raner	01111101—6	Cleaver	01011101—4
Total	12	Total	9

Charles Tuckley trapped for the whole party.

SPORT ON THANKSGIVING.—A shooting match at 15 single birds each, for $50, took place at Flint, Mich., on the 18th inst., between Chas. Finn, of Holly, and Norman Terrell, of the former place. The day was cold and stormy and Finn gave up on the eleventh shot, when Terrell had killed 6 to his 1. Judges, W. H. Thomas and E. Clarke; Referee, J. H. Bebee; Scorer, M. A. Watson. Hull and Thomas followed in a match at 5 singles each, for a twenty dollar note, the former killing all his birds and his opponent but one.

PIGEON POP.—A sharply contested match, marked by fine shooting, came off at Houston, Minn., on the 18th ult., between W. G. Bercan and H. P. Hess, both of Easton, Pa., for a purse of $50, 15 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, ground trap. The score was as follows:—

Bercan	111101111111111—14
Hess	111011111111011—13

JAMES DONOHUE, of New York, and Mr. Thompson, of East Newark, N. J., shot a match at the latter place on the 24th inst., 10 singles each, for $100. Donohue won, killing 7 to 4.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FROM SING SING TO NEW YORK.—Ned Searles, the well-known jumper, attempted, on the 26th ult., for a wager of $100, to walk from Sing Sing to Hill's, 26 East Houston street, this city, inside of nine hours. He started at 9 o'clock, A. M., of said date, and reached his destination at 38 minutes past 5 o'clock, having accomplished his task with 22 minutes to spare. During the tramp he rested 45 minutes. The judges were Messrs. Southwell and Tompkins at Sing Sing, and Homer Lane and Johnny Barry at this end of the route.

DEATH OF A PEDESTRIAN.—James Lambert, the once famous English long distance pedestrian, died at his residence, Boston, Mass., on Saturday morning, November 27th, aged 35 years, from inflammation of the lungs. He was said to be the only man besides Capt. Barclay who ever succeeded in accomplishing the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, which he performed at Stewart's Gymnasium, Boston, commencing July 28th, 1857.

FITZPATRICK AND FITZGERALD'S one mile match goes on all right and the men are laboring zealously to get themselves fit to "run for a man's life." The match is for $500 a side and is to be decided at the Fashion Course on the 16th inst.

ADAMS AND HAYDOCK'S MATCH is off by "mutual consent."

COCKING.

THE COCK FIGHTING SEASON.

The season for this sport is close at hand and promises to be an exciting one as far as can be judged from present indications. Already we hear of mains being either actually arranged or in progress of negotiation, and when the season actually commences others will doubtless be made. The first main of the season is one between Keyport and Union Hill, which comes off on December 18th, the conditions being to show fifteen cocks each and all that fail in four $25 a battle and $200 the odd fight. The return main between the same parties is for chickens, but the time has not yet been fixed. A main of chickens between two well known fanciers in Brooklyn, to show nine on each side, for $50 a battle and $300 the main, is fixed for Wednesday, December 22d. Troy and Albany, as a matter of course, will have a series of mains during the season; the first being fixed for January 14th, at the latter place; the battle money being $50 a fight and $200 the main. The more aristocratic mains, in which some of the most prominent members of the American Jockey Club take part, and which were productive of such exciting sport last season, have not yet been arranged, but we hear that negotiations are pending for some very important contests.

The well known handler Ed Mackey, of Jersey City, has disposed of his place of business, and one of the most popular and best frequented pits in New Jersey has passed away. We presume the pit at Union Hill will this winter receive the majority of the patronage of the lovers of this exciting sport.

TRIAL OF ENGINES.—Thursday, 18th ult., was the day set for the trial of the Quincy and Bloomington (Ills.) engines. The Bloomington Fire Department challenged the Quincy Fire Department for a trial; the challenge being that the Bloomington Department would furnish an engine that would beat any engine in Quincy 10 feet for $100 and the champion broom of the State, the trial to take place at Springfield. As only two hand engines could be spared to go, No. 5 and No. 3 went over to try their nerve. Arrangements being completed according to the rules agreed upon, the Judge called time, whereupon Quincy No. 5 took their position and threw a horizontal stream 200 feet 11 inches. No. 3, Quincy, was the next in order; and her stream measured 182 feet 7 inches. The Bloomington boys hauled up their favorite machine, "Prairie Bird," confident of winning, set the machine, and threw but 199 feet 4 inches. The Bloomingtons took their defeat good-naturedly, acknowledging that they were beaten, Quincy No. 5, of Quincy, winning the stake and the trophy, which the "Prairie Bird" has held for seven years. The Springfield Fire Department escorted the Quincy boys to the depot, and when about to leave for home, Chief-Engineer Young, of the Springfield Fire Department, presented No. 5 with an elegant silk flag.

THE SUBJECT of getting up a grand regatta for single scull boats, with a view to bringing together the best scullers in the country, for a handsome purse and medal, is being agitated in Pittsburgh. There is also talk of a four from that section challenging for the championship early next season.

IMPORTANT QUOIT MATCH.—Graham and Walkinshaw, the famous dial casters, have signed articles and put up a deposit for a match of $1 vp, for £100 a side, 19 yards, with quoits not to exceed 8¼ inches in diameter, stiff sticking clay ends, pins level with the clay, which is to take place at Melaugh's grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, on Jan. 8.

A STORY is told in Paris of a late encounter at cards between a banker and a half pay Colonel. The Colonel won from the banker 620,000 francs ($1,000), and having "scruples about winning so much," proposed to play a single "hand" for 500,000 francs ($100,000). The offer was accepted and the banker won, when play was discontinued with the Colonel $20,000 ahead. What d'ye think?

THE PRINCE OF WALES and a party of gentlemen at a late "hunt" succeeded in "bringing to bag" 9 snipe, 29 woodcock, 321 rabbits, 1,176 hares, 764 partridges, 1,048 pheasants, and of various other game, 16—total, 3,363. Isn't it a strange thing that "royalty" is so wonderfully successful—*in some things?*

WITHIN TWO MONTHS the United States has lost by death an ex-President, two Secretaries of the Treasury, one Secretary of War, one Senator, four ex-Senators, one ex-Postmaster-General, one ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, one Rear Admiral and one Major-General.

THE NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY SHOW.—This valuable society holds its annual fair in the Empire Skating Rink, Third avenue and Sixty Third street, commencing on Dec. 1st, and continuing ten days. It will be well worthy of a visit, for among the numerous features of interest are the process of incubation by steam; and practical illustrations of the processes of artificial pisciculture. The display of all the varieties of useful and ornamental poultry, pigeons, cashmere goats, fawns and thoroughbred dogs will be especially interesting to all who are interested in their cultivation and improvement. The extraordinary and rare bird, the crested turkey, of which only one other specimen is known to exist, and which is in the London Zoological Gardens, will also be exhibited here. The fair will be well worthy of the patronage of the public.

—Australia shipped to England last year 1,801,581 ounces of gold, about $46,000,000.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
14th street TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. Crowded Nightly
WITH FASHIONABLE AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
STANDING ROOM ONLY.
The Hit—The Hit of the Season—The Hit.
SHOO, FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME.
Characteristic Song and Dance by Dave Reed and Dan Bryant.
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE.
Unsworth, Eugene, Griffin, Dave Reed, Dempster, Russell, Grier, Brandish, Dwyer, Rockefeller. 35-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
FIRST APPEARANCE
here of the eminent shakespearean Comedian,
MR. BACKETT,
who will appear
EVERY EVENING,
in his world-renowned character of
FALSTAFF,
in Shakespeare's great historical play, in five acts, entitled the
First Part of
KING HENRY IV.
MR. HACKETT will be supported by
Mr. D. W. WALLER.....as.....HOTSPUR
Mr. THEO. HAMILTON.....as.....PRINCE HAL
Miss FANNY MORANT.....as.....DAME QUICKLY
SECOND MATINEE
of Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's beautiful domestic drama of
TIME AND THE HOUR,
ON SATURDAY NEXT.
35-1t December 4th, at 2 o'clock.

TAMMANY.—N. Y. A. CO.
LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF THE HANLONS.
ENTIRELY NEW ACTS.
THE MOST WONDERFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD ARE
THE LITTLE HANLONS.
IMMENSE AUDIENCES IN ECSTACIES WITH
THEIR PERFORMANCES
IMMENSE AUDIENCES IN ECSTACIES OVER
THEIR PERFORMANCES.
THE TAMMANY CROWDED WITH LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND FAMILIES, ENTHUSIASTIC TO THE HIGHEST DEGREE OVER THE WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF THE HANLONS
AND THE THREE LITTLE MIDGETS.
In active preparation, and to be immediately produced, an entirely new Burlesque by Burnand,
BAD DICKEY,
with new Scenery, Costumes, &c., &c., &c.
Engagement of Miss FANNY HARRING, Mr. M. W. FISKE and several artists of established excellence. 35-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM
AND MENAGERIE.
TIGERS. LIONS HYENAS.
A MAMMOTH ELEPHANT.
THE "ONLY" RHINOCEROS.
Admission to all the attractions, 50 cents.
EVERY DAY AT 2. EVERY EVENING AT 8.
KENILWORTH,
OR
YE QUEEN AND YE EARLE,
AND YE MAYDENNE.
The entire Burlesque Company will appear.
A SACRED WALLAPUS,
AN EGYPTIAN WAMBAT.
BEARS. CAMELS. BIRDS
A MILLION CURIOSITIES AND WONDERS. 35-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
585 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
11TH WEEK AND CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
LEGGETT AND ALLEN,
THE POLISH STATUETTES OF
THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, LONDON,
THE ORIGINAL DESIGNERS AND PERFORMERS OF THE PEDESTAL DANCE. 35-1t*

EUREKA
DRAMATIC COLLEGE,
JOHN HUNTLEY, THE VETERAN MANAGER,
is now ready to transact business for Managers,
ARTISTS, COMPANIES,
Musicians, wardrobe and scenery supplied at a day's notice.
COSTUMES FOR BALLS SUPPLIED.
Ladies apply by note—Gentlemen in person.
JOHN HUNTLEY.
34-4t* At Harry Cunningham's, 636 Broadway.

ANNOUNCEMENT
EXTRAORDINARY.
SKIFF, WHEELER, HORN AND BRAY'S
MINSTRELS.
X. L. C. R.
M. T. SKIFF.....Manager.
FRANK WHEELER.....Treasurer.
The attention or the public is awakened to a remarkable degree at the
GREAT ATTRACTIONS
offered by this really
UNRIVALLED COMPANY,
COMBINING MORE ARTISTIC MERIT
than ever before concentrated in one organization, prominent among whom are
MR EPH HORN,
the veteran Comedian;
MR. WALTER BRAY,
the eminent California Comedian;
YOUNG EPH HORN,
a "chip of the old block" and Lion Banjoist;
MESSRS. COOPER AND FIELDS,
the justly celebrated Clog and Song Dancers, late of the San Francisco and Hooley's Minstrels.
MR. W. H. CHAMBERS,
Leader of Brass Band also possessing an alto of rare flexibility and culture;
MR. CHARLES CHURCH,
the delightful tenor and balladist, and a host of other first class talent.
The ORCHESTRA is under the direction of one of the best musicians in the country and in efficiency is excelled by none.
This superb company are now on their
WESTERN TOUR.
In fact from their great success thus far we may appropriately pronounce it their TRIUMPHAL TOUR. M. T. SKIFF will be recognized by the public as the successful manager of the original Skiff Minstrels, and is emphatically "the right man in the right place." DON'T FAIL TO HEAR THIS GLORIOUS TROUPE. 1t

MR. WM. HORACE LINGARD
AND COMPANY PLAYED IN
ALBANY.....26th and 27th
To an audience of $149 at 75 and 50 cents each.
29th and 30th, ACADEMY OF MUSIC.....PROVIDENCE
Dec 1st and 2d, OPERA HOUSE.....HARTFORD
3d, MUSIC HALL.....NEW HAVEN
4th OPERA HOUSE.....SPRINGFIELD

MR. WM. HORACE LINGARD,
WITH A POWERFUL COMPANY,
WILL COMMENCE AT THE
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK,
MONDAY, DEC. 13TH, FOR THREE WEEKS,
AND ON MONDAY, 20TH,
THOSE CELEBRATED ARTISTS,
MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL
will re appear in New York, under the Lingard management, at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. 35-1t

GYMNASTICS.
A LOT OF SECOND HAND APPARATUS FOR SALE.
35-1t* C. B. M., Clipper office.

CHARLES ABBOTT, CLOWN,
Has three weeks to share from Monday next. Address Mansion House, No 64 Bleecker st., N. Y. 35-1t*

CARD.
MIDWAY, Ky., Nov. 26th, 1869.
MR. FRANK QUEEN—I see in your last CLIPPER that there is a MAN TRAVELING IN PENNSYLVANIA,
UNDER THE NAME OF
PROF EVERETT, ILLUSIONIST.
I CLAIM TO BE THE ONLY
PROF. EVERETT,
and all others by this name are IMPOSTERS, and I am now TRAVELING IN KENTUCKY,
ASSISTED BY MY BROTHER, CHARLEY M.
Open for tour nights in Shelbyville, Ky., Nov. 5th, 1869.
35-1t* Very truly, PROF. C. EVERETT.

MARY MITCHELL ALBAUGH
AND J. W. ALBAUGH,
Having added to their repertoire a new play, in five acts, by Bronson C. Howard, called
FANTINE;
OR,
A MOTHER'S LOVE,
would be pleased to hear from managers. Time filled till the 11th of January. Address LOWELL & SIMMONS,
35-3t 6.9 Broadway, N. Y.

BELVIL RYAN,
THE POPULAR COMEDIAN AND CHARACTER ACTOR,
of Niblo's and the Waverley, concludes a highly successful starring engagement of five months, at Trieste's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Saturday, Dec. 11th, and will be happy to arrange with managers for long or short terms. Has new localized versions of "Esmeralda," "Gnome," "Beauty and the Beast," and "La Somnambule," burlesques, the two latter unanimously pronounced by the press and public the best ever played in the city. Address as above, or
35-1t* LOWELL & SIMMONDS, New York.

DICK WEAVER,
End Man and General Performer. Open for engagements after Dec. 13th. Address, 101 East 14th street. 35-1t*

WILHELM'S OPERA HOUSE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, OHIO,
Will be completed DECEMBER 20TH,
With all modern improvements,
THE SIZE OF THE HALL IS 61 BY 87,
WILL SEAT 850 PEOPLE. IS NICELY PRE-COED,
With Gallery, Foot Lights, Good Stage, two entrances, Carpet Chairs, Gas and Water all over the house, four Dressing Rooms on Stage. Population of city, 14,000 to draw from. Latest styles of heating and ventilation. For further information apply to
JOHN WILHELM, Proprietor.
35-12t*

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS, &c.
Any person or persons publishing my song of
"SHEW FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME,"
without my permission, will be dealt with a rectly according to law, as I alone hold the copyright.
THE MUSIC OF THIS POPULAR SONG
IS PUBLISHED ONLY BY
35-1t MESSRS. WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, of Boston.

FRONT STREET THEATRE
BALTIMORE.
FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO
MR. ROLLIN HOWARD.
FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 3d, 1869.
This being the fifth and last week of the
BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. ROLLIN HOWARD AND MR MILLER SEALL
The inimitable Grand Duchess; the great Frisk. MR. HOWARD opens at the Dearborn Theatre, Chicago, Dec 13th, 1869. 35-1t

THE GREAT HERTZOG
BROTHERS, with their European Combination.
HERTZOG AND BROTHERS.....Prop and Managers.
P. HEGNER, Jr.....Stage Manager.
H. HALLAN.....Musical Director.
THE RENOWNED ZANFRETTA FAMILY, Miss Marietta Zanfretta, Impersatrice of the Corde Elastique; Mlle. Cosmetta Rossini, the Queen of Dance.
THE GREAT SIEGRIST FAMILY, Francois Siegrist, jr., First Gymnast and Acrobat of the Age; Master George, the Great Siegrist Leaper; La Petit Louis, The Juvenile Gymnasium; Tommy, the Miniature Clown (only three years of age), the smallest Grotesque in the World.
JIM WADD, The Accomplished Juggler, Balancer, &c., in innumerable feats of skill, and dexterity. JULE KEEN, The Comic Impersonator of Dutch Characters.
FRANK COLLINS AND FRANK ALLISON, Double Clog Dancers. Pony Jap, Resenteur, Shoo Fly, &c. 35-1t*

WANTED, TO TRAVEL IN
CANADA, my season of three months, to open in Hamilton on the 6th of December, LEADING MAN, JUVENILE MAN, LOW COMEDIAN, OLD MAN, LEADING LADY, CHAMBERMAID AND OLD WOMAN. GOOD WARDROBE INDISPENSIBLE.
B—Face paid
Wanted—Good scenic Artist and Leader of Orchestra.
Address WM. MARSHALL,
35-1t* P. O. Hamilton, Canada.

MANAGERS, ATTENTION!
The Celebrated
ALI BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE OF ARABS,
Twelve in number, now at Lent's New York Circus,
WILL OPEN AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON, Dec. 6th. Can be engaged by responsible managers on and after Dec. 21st, for their wonderful act of the Tramdas and Tumbling.
Address R. FITZGERALD, 61 Broadway.
35-1t

HOW IT HAPPENED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It vos ein stalvart Deutchman,
Mynheer V. Gates vos hish name,
Mit hish gun und hish knife und hish bowder-horn
Vent to dar woods to shoots der game.

Und odder dings he didn't vergets
To carry, you nefer vear;
Ein goodly vlask of der cheerfool schnapps,
Und ein pottle of lager bier.

Der day it vos very scoltry,
Und der sun he vos very hot;
Und der more he hunted der nople game
Der tryer dis Deutchman got.

Every dime he fired mit his gun,
Vell, vot did he do, you dink?
Vy, of der schnapps or der lager bier
He dook von leetle trink.

Und many a shot he fired,
Und many a trink dook he,
Till py und py, not a trop remained,
Und he ash try as try could be!

"O, vot," groaned he, "py dunder—
Voteler shall I go do?
I'm ash try as a box off dinter—"
Und tryer und tryer he grew!

Und he cast hish eyes about him,
Und uttered ein vearful groan,
Ven all oph a sutden ein maiden
He sphied vaiking all alone.

Und in her hair dere vos roses,
Und on her vingers dere vos rings,
Und she vos dressed in Meerreich green,
Mit a bannier skirt und dings.

Und on her wrists dere vos bracelets
All oph der shining gold,
Und der smile on her bleasant veatures
Vos a scharming ding to behold.

Den outsphoke der thirsty Deutchman:—
"Nine lofely girl, berhaps
You could tell me vere I could get ein glass
Of lager-bier or schnapps;

For hunting der game I chanced to coome
In der greenwood, down dis way,
Und neier a trop have I had to trink
Since der day pefore yesterday."

Den she says:—"O nople sporisman,
It mit me you vill coome
To mine lardor's gastiaus, yonder,
I'll see if I can vind you soome."

Not anoder vord of any kind
Did der handsome maiden say;
Und der Deutchman followed her airy steps
To der place vere she led der vay.

O, vosit ein sphrite or ein vairy?
Und vos it ein haunted sphot?
At first I inclined to dink so—
But now I rader guess not!

J. H. B.

"DOMINOE"—IN FOUR GULPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

FIRST GULP.

In a luxurious apartment in a fashionable uptown gaming house, not a thousand miles from Central Park, sat three men at a table. We say three men, not that there were not others in the room, but because it is with these three that we have to do. They were engaged in the exciting and dangerous game of dominoe. One of the players was very young and handsome, with a very limpid air and mustache, which at once caused one to wonder why he was in such a place. The other men were dark and sinister looking. A man with a wooden eye will at once perceive the situation. The innocent young man is the victim. His companions are the desperate gamblers, who are ruining him. The gamblers are dressed in the height of style and have the long, slender white hands which men of their class generally wear. They are also cool and collected, as gamblers always are. The victim (who has nice blue eyes) is very much excited. Already he has lost a few hundred thousand dollars, a dozen horses, two or three ships and a gold tooth pick, which have been left to him by his rich papa. They play on in silence. Suddenly Marcus Hazeleye, one of the gamblers, cries out, in a pleasant manner, "Dominoe." Then addressing himself to the unsophisticated victim, he says:—

"Philip Ranislop, again you have lost one million dollars."

At this soothing little announcement Philip Ranislop turned his eyes bloodshot, and, brushing back his splendid hair, said, in a tone of phrenzy, "Oh, dear me! how unfortunate I am to be sure. Are you sure, gentlemen, that you play fair?"

"What," said Adam Goldsnif, the other gambler, "do you dare accuse us?"

"Oh! no, no," hastily interrupted Philip; "I don't mean to accuse you of anything. Don't mind me, gentlemen, I'm a little excited. Let us play once more. I will stake my last dollar on this game. Again will I tempt Fortune, and may she shine upon me."

He then drank a glass of seltzer to steady his nerves; then he took out a small locket containing the figure of a female girl, kissed it, said "Forgive me, Elinor," dashed away his tears with a blow of his fist, and began to play. Quietly and steadily play the gamblers, as gamblers always play. Excitedly and foolishly plays the victim, as victims always play.

"Dominoe," suddenly cries Adam Goldsnif, "again you are defeated. You have lost your all, Philip Ranislop."

Philip, on becoming aware of the fact of having lost his all, immediately proceeded to butt his handsome head against the table. This, apparently, gave him no relief, for he suddenly jumped up, and in a fearfully excited tone accused the gamblers of having ruined him. Just as he was about to have his head mashed in with this remark, the proprietor ordered them all out. The gamblers linked arms with Philip, and carried him out into the night. They walked down the street with him. In a few hours they returned. But Philip Ranislop was totally absent.

"Oh! my," exclaims the gentle reader, "What did they do with him?" Patience and you shall hear.

SECOND GULP.

In a cosy little house in Chicago was a sweet little room. In this cosy little room sat a beautiful girl. She was reading a paper through her tears and her eye-glasses. This is what she read:—"Philip Ranislop, a young man, was foully murdered in this city by a couple of desperate gamblers named Adam Goldsnif and Marcus Hazleye, who have suddenly disappeared." It doesn't require a knowledge of geometry to see that Philip was this girl's lover. Her name was Elinor Goldenhill. Suddenly she dropped her reading and arose. She clasped her hands to her temples and said, "Oh, my poor heart!" She looked perfectly splendid as she stood thus. She made her eyes gleam fiercely. She could gleam them first rate. She had cast a ruddy glow on her crazed thoughts. Suddenly (these sort of people always do things suddenly) she raised her hand to heaven, in the style usually practiced in melo-dramas, and hissed, "Vengeance to the men as killed my poor Phil!"

THIRD GULP.

In an orchestra in one of our large theatres sat a man, playing the cornet. Despite a little alteration in his appearance a close observer could easily recognize Marcus Hazleye, the ex-gambler. For it was he. Becoming unfortunate in his business he had turned music an. Near him was a young man, playing that delicate instrument, the base viol. He was a very delicate young man, with a lady's hands and a feminine voice. Of course this was Elinor Goldenhill. The overture was just about to begin, when the base viol says to the cornet:—"Marcus Hazleye, your time has come." (These people always speak in the old style.) She added, "I have followed you for many, many years, and now I have you. Thou canst not live, for I will kill thee, e'en now."

Astonishment was depicted on the face of the cornet. In vain he protested he was not Marcus Hazeleye. He then begged for mercy. She replied:—"As thou showdest no mercy to my Phil, thus I now show no mercy to thee." He couldn't reply to this last expression, and he visibly shuddered. Quickly she drew her dagger and quickly she snapped the strings of her instrument around his neck and strangled him in his tracks. She ejaculated "Number One" and disappeared. A new cornet and bass-viol had to be engaged for that orchestra.

FOURTH GULP.

In one of our uptown streets a building was in course of erection. Up a long ladder, leading against the house, could be seen a line of men carrying mortar and bricks. A close observer would notice that the next man to the last—as they ascended:—was very delicate. And had white hands, also a fair face and curling locks, which are rather unusual among hod carriers. Slowly and wearily they ascended. As they reached the top each man wandered inside to deposit his load.

Very soon the slight looking hod carrier, before spoken of, reached the top of the ladder. There was but one man coming up behind him. He stopped at the top and waited until the other man came up. Soon he arrived. She would not let him pass, but kept hold of the ladder and exclaimed to him, in a tragic voice:—

"Aha! oho!! I've caught thee at last." For who was this slight looking hod carrier but Elinor Goldenhill and who was the unfortunate man behind but Adam Goldsnif. He shuddered so much that he dropped a few bricks from his hod.

"Thou art mistaken, stripling," said Adam quiveringly. "Don't attempt to deceive me, scoundrel," said she. "My day of triumph hath come. I have followed thy trail, figuratively speaking, for many years, and now I have treed thee, figuratively speaking. Marcus Hazeleye is dead. He was Number One," and here her voice rose to an awful pitch, "and thou art Number Chew. Ah! ha! ho! Now please to die." With that she stamped on Adam's fingers, which were clutching the ladder; he was forced to let go his hold, and he was very soon dashed in so many pieces on the sidewalk below. Elinor Goldenhill then disappeared. Adam Goldsnif's body was found, and as he was supposed to have fallen off accidentally a verdict of "Found Drowned" was rendered, and his remains were consigned to oblivion.

Elinor Goldenhill's work is done. She has satisfied her vengeance and she is content. She at present teaches school. She is ever kind, pale and melancholy. She will never marry, but will spend her life in good actions. Should a war arise she would be among the first to enlist and serve her country as a patient, romantic, melancholy army nurse.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Bad luck is frequently a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking to see how it will turn up. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it turn up.

THE FOUR T'S;

OR,

Things Ticklish, Tender or Touching.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY L. GAYLORD CLARK.

THERE has been a great deal of speculation concerning the colossal statue or human petrifaction found in the town of Cardiff, in Onondaga county, a place, by the way, which had no existence by that name when I was a boy in that neighborhood. I think the suggestion which has been made, that it is the petrified body of a "Big Indian," is the most probable solution of the mystery. It was discovered not far from the Onondaga Reservation, sometimes known as "Onondaga Castle," where the tribe of Onondaga Indians have lived and flourished for so many years.

I was born in a little agricultural town, not ten miles distant from it, and often visited it when a boy, especially in the spring time, when the great show of sacrificing the White Dog came off, with much attendant display. I have my own theory as to what this wonderful image is, and I only wonder that it has not occurred to the mind of that accomplished scientist and scholar, Mr. S. B. Woolworth, of the Educational State Regency, who was once my esteemed and honored preceptor in the old stone Academy at Onondaga Hollow, who, in company with the eminent State Geologist, Professor Hall, has recently visited and reported somewhat indefinitely upon the great Gypsum Marvel.

Years ago, there used every now and then to wander about Onondaga Hollow a Herculean Indian of the Onondaga tribe whose tall name was "Jim Beechtree." He was erect as a statue; so directly up and down, in fact, that he used himself to boast that he "stood up so straight it at he leaned over the other way." He was an immense fellow every way, and overtopped his red brethren to such a degree that if walking with one of his breechless companions he would be recognised at once, though he were half a mile away. There was a great deal of quiet humor and satire about him, and he was up to so many sly and cunning Indian tricks that he was known as the chief practical wag of the tribe in all the region round about.

Now Jim Beechtree was known as a hard case long before he died, now many years ago; and probability favors the conclusion that the great discovery will be found to be his petrified body! He was really so hard a case when he died that it could have taken but a very short time to transform him into stone, being undoubtedly "preserved in spirits" in such a way that common and natural decay was arrested, leaving ossified petrifaction full opportunity and time to commence and perfect its work. For Jim was very fond of brandy and rum, and was always full of one or the other—generally of both at the same time; and he was celebrated throughout the little village for the divers cunning ways by which he obtained the desiderated oblivious fluid; for have it he would, by hook or by crook, generally by crook; as follows, "Irinstans," as Yellowplush would say:—

One morning he came into the drug store kept by good old Doctor B——, the benevolent physician of the place, sat down in a chair, with his hands over his mouth and face, and uttered several very aboriginal subdued grunts or groans.

"What is the matter with you, Jim," asked the kind hearted doctor, "hurt yourself?"

"Yes, sp'ect not; much bad; toothache; want brandy medicine to put in him; ah-h-h!"

The doctor took down a glass of the pure medicinal spirit, and gave the big Indian a large dose to hold in solution the nervous tooth, and allay the excruciating pain he was suffering; but after swabbing it about a moment in his capacious mouth, down it went, and he held out the glass.

"Give s' more; all gone'd 'way; burn much; little water, mebbe."

The second dose was slightly weakened; but it shared the fate of the first. Jim said he "couldn't make it stay in his mouth."

This Indian game he tried elsewhere afterward, but it wouldn't work; and it was not long in being played out.

But just at the edge of a stormy November night, not long afterward, he came into the same druggist shop, and hailed its good Samaritan keeper with:—

"Sago, Medicine Brewster! My squaw goin' to have papoose; want'get sm'rum—medicine drink," and he passed over to the doctor a quart bottle, which the good man filled, and with "D'ankee!—togasoah!" and a pleased aspect, Jim went off.

Two or three days after the Doctor met Jim in a village store with the same old bottle, and evidently on the same errand.

"Well, Jim," asked the good physician, "how is squaw? and what is the papoose?—boy papoose or girl papoose?"

The big Indian was caught, but by no means confounded. "Wait, medicin' Brewster," saidhe, "wait: not yet! Only took my squaw-wife last week. B'ime by, b'ime by; wait!"

Which was the actual fact. His aboriginal nuptials at the castle had only taken place ten days or a fortnight before, and a very handsome olive-skinned, mild-eyed, gold-beaded and fair necked "abrogyne" his young squaw-wife was.

Such a man was gigantic Jim Beechtree, and I well remember hearing, here in town, many years afterwards, that he had "turned up missing," and I never heard that he was subsequently discovered. I have little doubt that, in a state of accustomed booze, he fell into the ditch where his statuesque figure was lately found, and there slowly petrified.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SKATING will be coming along by and by and grand preparations are beginning to be made for it here and elsewhere. New rinks are already projected and fresh ponds and reservoirs are announced as in early preparation for this exciting and refreshing exercise. It is even more popular than the great national game of base ball in its season. And what is better than all, the ladies can join and impart an added influence and gracefulness to the keen enjoyment of the sport. New ice sail boats are being constructed for skating races on the Hudson and New England rivers, I perceive by the papers, so that skating regattas will soon be in vogue. They never have bearable ice in England, or we might have another Harvard and Oxford race on steel runners.

I heard a good thing to-day in the cars which strikes me as worth jotting down in this connection. A handsome, jolly Irishman from Newburgh was boasting the other day that he had frequently sat sixty hours on a hand sled on the Hudson. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed a friend, "that is a good distance. You must have done it when the days were longest." "To be sure; I'll admit that," said the fabulous skater. He had never heard, probably, or at least had forgotten the reply which the Hibernian school-boy gave to his scientific instructor, who asked him for a familiar illustration of the properties and action of heat and cold. "Heat expands and cold contracts, sir," said the lad, triumphantly; "heat makes the days long in summer, and cold makes 'em short in winter!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

TALK about an Englishman's hatred and abolition of practical slavery! Bosh! An English "nob's" ownership of his human chattel is as complete as was ever the possession by his master of a Louisiana slave. "Pleasant, but perhaps wrong." was the only apology made by Lincolnshire 'squire, not long ago, on being detected in an intrigue with the fair and frail rib of his groom; "but I haven't offended against the law, which only commands us not to sin with *another* man's wife, but Susy is *my own* man's wife!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I NOTICED a man this morning engaged in "walking off" a piece of real estate along the line of the "Northern Railroad of New Jersey," which is soon to be converted into building lots, and will, before long, add another to the picturesque villages which are already thickly strung along that railway. And, as I saw the man marking his paces down with a pencil on a piece of paper which he held in his hand, I bethought me of parts of the human body, from which were originally derived all rude measurements. Possibly a glance at these will be new to some of your readers. An inch, to begin with, was the first joint of the thumb, which, being repeated four times, gave the breadth of the hand, and three times this product furnished the measure of the foot. The "pace," which my mentor was taking, was the interval between two steps, reckoned at six feet, and a mile consisted of a thousand paces. Other portions of the human body furnished smaller measures; the width of the hand gave "the palm," reckoned at three inches; the distance of the elbow, from the tips of the fingers, the cubit; the entire length of the arm the yard, and the extreme breadth of the extended arms, across the shoulders, the lathom, or six feet. Sometimes little matters like these are worth remembering.

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A SHALLOW smatterer once asked the learned old Doctor Parr:—"Why don't you write a book?"

"Well," said the doctor, "I think I *could* write a very large one."

"Ah, doctor—how so?"

"Why, sir, by putting in half that I know and all that you don't know!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A SUPPRESSION of public opinion, I notice, has been requested touching the asphalt-bitumen pavement in Fifth avenue and other fashionable thoroughfares of the metropolis pending its further trial; during which, it is contended, objections will settle down with its dust and mud and all disappear.

In this connection, I was thinking this morning of Mrs. Lavinia Ramsbottom's objections to what she termed the "asphelttytwomen pavement," by whom she saw it on its first appearance in Paris, near the "statutes of Louis Quinzy and Henry Carter." She thought it a "nasty invention," and did not hesitate to say so in one of her amusing letters to the London John Bull. There were many who agreed with her, and the patient public press combined to keep it out of the aristocratic streets of the British Babylon the Great. One indignant poet anathematized it after the manner of "The Monks of Old," as thus:—

Many have told of the roads of old,
What a swamp of muck they were;
But an asphalt way on a rainy day
Would make a street sweeper swear.
For it goes beyond the Slough of Despond
In its noiseless state of splosh,
And it grows, ha, ha! to your clothes, ha, ha!
In spite of the hardest brush.

And when it is fine, if the sun should shine,
You're no better off than before,
For it turns to dust in a day or two at every gust
It settles in every pore;
And it tries, as it dries, in a cloud to rise,
And it peppers your coat and your hat,
And it flies, ha, ha, in your eyes, ha, ha!
And makes you as blind as a bat.

DUELLING.—In the days of Peter the Great duelling in Russia went very much out of the fashion, by reason of that monarch's passing an edict that any man who challenged another should be hanged, whether the meeting took place or not. General Zass and Prince Dolgoroucki, nevertheless, discovered a means of repairing their wounded honor. "We may not fight, Prince," said the General; "but let us both stand in yonder embrasure, against which the enemy are directing their fire, and reckon there'll be one of us struck." This sagacious proposal being accepted, both accordingly repaired to the spot indicated, and, in the presence of their own army as well as that of Sweden, "stood erect with one hand on the hip, and looking fiercely at each other until the Prince was cut in two by a cannon ball." If this proceeding was not very sensible, it was at least a fair one, and the same may be said of that professional proposal of the physician who suggested that himself and his rival should select at random from a couple of pills, the one poisonous and the other innocuous. A duel between a barber and a grocer, with razors, resulted, on the contrary (as might have been expected), in the victory of the former, who had, of course, precisely the same advantage as is enjoyed with pistols by the better shot.

A PHRENOLOGIST remarking that some persons had the organ of murder and benevolence strongly and equally developed, his friend replied, "that doubtless those were the persons *who would kill one with kindness.*"

WEALTH AND WANT.—He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

GENEVIEVE.

A Tennysonian Howl.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Come—*come*—COME—COME!
Come out from your blessed abode!
I've waited three weeks, and I'm getting tired,
For you at the forks of the road;
The fire-fly darts like an angry shark
At a sailor's legin the sea—
And the gas-flies hum like a rolling drum,
While I watch and wait for thee!

For thee—for thee—and only thee!
No other party will do!
I have sworn to this fact on my solemn oath
With a revenue stamp thereto.
My passion may burn with volcanic force—
My bosom with earthquakes heave—
But here I shall wait at your garden gate,
For thee, my Genevieve!

O, Genevieve—*my* Genevieve!
Give your cruel parent some lip;—
If this won't do cut his wizen in two—
Give him poison and then the slip!
You are mine—you are mine—for I swore to the rose
And the sunflower likewise heard;
And I linger and sigh for a note in reply,
Be it only a single word!

I envy the horse-marine's careless life;
I envy the cankle-worm's bliss
When he looks his love in the eye and dies—
And I long for a fate like this!
I never will on the fierce bassoon
Or a game of keno play,
If from the palace where you are chained
You will cut and run away!

The east is light with a sudden glare!
It tokens the coming morn;
I hear the cry of the mute sea-gull,
And the hunter taking his horn;
Night picks up its stars and other traps
And commences to take its leave;
She throws a kiss through the palace blinds—
She comes! my Genevieve!

J. H. B.

RECLAIMED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DHARMA.

It was the benefit night of one of the most popular young actors of the day, and the theatre was thronged to witness his rendition of Claude in Bulwer's ever charming, ever beautiful play of the "Lady of Lyons."

Philip Hurst had never acted better; he threw his whole soul into his part, and forgot all save that he was Claude, enthusiastic, impassioned Claude. Success attended his endeavors, and the curtain fell amid shouts and thunders of applause.

"Who would think," said Frank Moore to his cousin, Eva Lynn, as they walked homewards at the close of the performance, "who would think that a man with Philip Hurst's talents and genius could throw his life so utterly, so recklessly away."

"Why, what do you mean, Frank?" and Eva's dark eyes were raised inquiringly to her cousin's face. "How does he throw his life away?"

"By various acts and ways and means that I would not and could not explain to you, my little cousin," replied Frank. "Ah, it is a great, great pity that he will persist in destroying the brilliant future that might be his."

"You are very well acquainted with Mr. Hurst, are you not, Frank?" inquired Eva.

"Yes. We were schoolmates together. I always liked him; he was a generous, noble-hearted fellow; he afterwards studied for the law, but when his trouble came on him he took to the stage and found relief in the excitement, I suppose, poor fellow."

"What trouble? Ah, do tell me all about him," pleaded Eva.

"There's nothing much to tell, Miss Curiosity," answered Frank. "Hurst has not had more to bear than most men, only he took it harder, I suppose. He loved a woman and she jilted him, that's all. But here we are at your door, Eva. Good-night, and if you dare to remember one word of what I've been saying, why, I'll never take you to the theatre again, there." After which alarming threat Mr. Frank took himself off.

But Eva *did* remember—she could not forget—don't imagine, dear reader, that Eva was a sentimental, romantic, insipid miss, ready to fall in love with and worship the handsome young actor who played Claude so charmingly; nothing of the kind; she was an earnest, true-hearted, whole-souled woman (and permit me to say that there is plenty of room in the world for more such, if they would only be forthcoming). No, it was not a case of love at first sight, on Eva's part, by any means; she only felt a great pity for and sympathy with the man whose life had been so darkened, and whose future would probably be ruined, all through the heartlessness and fickleness of a woman.

Oh! it was too cruel, Eva went on thinking; something surely could be done to lead Philip Hurst back from his evil, wicked way into a better, purer path. But what? That was the trouble. His dear five hundred friends were all probably, much like her cousin Frank, who talked about him as a talented fellow, who could make his mark in the world if he would only lead a different life; and then they would perhaps pity him, and stand calmly by, with folded hands, never stretching out one to stay him in his course to ruin.

She was but a woman; but if she only had the opportunities that his so-called friends possessed, *she* would not hesitate to use her utmost power, and, at least, attempt to reason with and show him the folly and the error of his ways. Eva had arrived at this point in her cogitations, when suddenly an idea flashed in upon her puzzled brain.

"I'll do it, as sure as my name is Eva Lynn. And now that I've settled it, I'll go to sleep."

So nestling more comfortably among the snowy sheets and blankets of her little white bed, and resolutely closing her eyes, she was soon away in the land of dreams, in which she imagined herself acting Pauline to Philip Hurst's Claude. But, instead of playing the lover, he insisted on strangling her because she was a woman, and he hated all women, but he seized Eva instead of himself in the last gasp she awoke, to find that one of her pillows, having become disarranged, had fallen on her face—she was almost smothered.

"Talk about believing in dreams," muttered sleepy Eva, as she dozed off again. "It's all nonsense."

Philip Hurst sat at his late breakfast one morning, out of humor, out of spirits, and feeling anything but at ease with himself, and the many wrongs he was doing others, for that matter. German Heinrich was Mr. Hurst's valet, as he insisted on being called, in reality not hesitating to do any service for Philip, possible or impossible, for he worshiped the very ground on which his master trod, for Philip had once rescued him from out some difficulty into which he had fallen, and since then Heinrich had begged to be permitted to stay with him, to serve his Quadigen Herrn; and well and nobly he did, as truly and faithful as it was possible for one human being to serve another. Well, on this morning Heinrich observed with sorrow that his beloved meister seemed more than usually sad and out of spirits. Yes, even Philip's triumphs of the preceding night, when he had appeared as Othello, to a house crowded in every part, whose applause had forced him to appear before the curtain at the end of each act—even the recollection of his successes could not bring him happiness or peace. He aroused himself at length and spoke:—

"So late! Heinrich, bring my hat and gloves."

"Ya, Herr Philip. But dere komm a letter fur you dis morgen, Herr Philip," and Heinrich handed his master a dainty note, the address of which seemed as if it might have been traced by fairy fingers. Philip took it, wondering who his lady correspondent could be; indeed, his correspondence—except that which related to business matters—was but limited, for Philip Hurst, as regarded relatives and friends, stood almost entirely alone in the world. But his wonder increased as he opened the dainty missive and glanced at the signature. Thus ran the note:

TO PHILIP HURST, ESQ.—SIR.—I write to you in all friendliness and kindness; I have no desire but to serve you; therefore, do not take offence at the contents of this letter. I cannot see you throw away the glorious gifts that God has given you. I cannot see you go downward to your certain ruin without one effort on my part to save you. Oh, sir, I beseech you to pause, to reflect ere it be too late. I know that I am addressing one who is honorable, but is that a reason that you should destroy your whole future? that future which is yours to make so brilliant, if you will? You think to drown your sorrows, to gain forgetfulness through dissipation; but, is that true manliness, true courage? Be at least sure to pause; resist and overcome temptation. Henceforth let your watchword be EXCELSIOR.

God bless her, whoever she is, thought Philip as he finished reading the letter. He was about replacing it in its envelope when, as if moved by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, he pressed the snowy paper almost reverently to his lips. "Heaven bless her. Had I sought the love of *such* a woman, instead of—well, well, I would not have been what I am now," and with a deeper shadow in his dark eyes, Philip passed out, leaving Heinrich lost in wonder as to what that letter could have contained so to move der liebe gnadige Herr.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"If you expect me to escort you to Mrs. Ward's party to-night, Eva," Mr. Frank Moore was saying one morning about four weeks after the events just narrated, "you'll have to be ready by ten o'clock, or else I'll go without you. Do you hear?"

"I hear, you abominable tyrant," and Mr. Frank just escaped in time to avoid sundry spools aimed at his devoted head.

That evening at Mrs. Ward's party Frank approached his cousin (who was looking her loveliest in a white dress of some gauzy material, which enveloped her slight form like a cloud, and with some pure white flowers nestling amid her dark curls), and said, "Eva, guess who has been asking me for an introduction to you?"

"Why, how can I tell? you tease," replied Eva. "Who is it, Frank?"

"Philip Hurst," answered her cousin; then added gravely, "I wish he had not asked it, Eva; I dislike refusing him, and yet—"

"What are you talking about, Frank?" said Eva. "Mr. Hurst desires to be introduced to me; I am quite willing; I shall be happy to know Mr. Hurst."

Frank said no more, but went off in search of Philip.

When the introduction took place Eva neither started or changed color, as heroines generally do in novels, being a sensible matter of fact young lady; she merely bowed and smiled and entered into an easy, pleasant conversation.

As Eva talked on, Philip became quite charmed with his companion; her natural, unaffected manner, so different from the languishing die-away airs and graces young ladies affect now-a-days, delighted him. Whilst they were conversing Frank came up to his cousin.

"Eva," he said, "Miss Lane desired me to ask if you had written down the names of those songs you were speaking about last evening and if have the list with you."

"I have—here it is; I had forgotten all about it;" as Eva was about to hand the paper to her cousin, it slipped from her fingers and dropped directly at Philip Hurst's feet.

As he stooped to pick it up, his eyes fell upon the handwriting. Great Heaven! it was the same as that in the letter which he had received, signed Excelsior.

As Frank departed, Philip turned and looked straight into Eva's eyes; in that moment she felt that her secret was discovered, that Philip Hurst knew her as the writer of that letter.

She blushed deeper and deeper beneath his gaze. Oh that the earth would open and swallow her, was her thought.

Philip, pitying her confusion, spoke:—

"Miss Lynn, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor!" faltered poor Eva.

"Yes," responded Philip, "will you grant me permission to call upon you at your own home? Do not refuse me. I promise that you shall never have cause to regret it."

Eva could not hesitate longer; she gave the desired permission and Philip, bowing low over her hand, as over that of an Empress, took his departure.

Two months later and Philip Hurst, seated beside Eva Lynn, asked her to become his wife. "Eva, dearest, my fate is in your hands," said he.

Eva's answer was to lay her hand in that of Philip, with the words:—

"I am yours, Philip; I will be your wife."

"My own darling," and Philip pressed a fervent kiss upon the sweet lips. "I shudder to think of what I might have become but for you. The evil shadow cast upon my life by one woman has been removed by the hands of another—*you*, my true, pure darling. Yes, you have swept away all the shadows, and in their stead I see nothing but the clearest, brightest sunshine."

Shortly after they were married and Eva never regretted it.

Philip worked on, achieving fresh triumphs in his profession, and when the applause rang loudest he would glance towards the spot where his wife was seated, showing that *her* smile was dearer to him than all else the world had to bestow.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 11.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, come chump in; ids gidden kind of shilly und I don'd vant to got cold. You know I hafe had der fefer und shills, und I'm only chust kinder gidding ofer dem—conseykervendly I don'd vant to dook me too many shances for fear dey might come back agin. Dot fefer und shill is a awful gomblaint, and of a grade big yaller dog shood come to my house mit "der shakes" on him, I vood dook him in und dose him. Of he didn't had canine enuff in him I vood gife him aboud dwendy drobs more und see of dot voodn't done him some good. I got id ofer in Jersey, und I dell you, Sharley, I shook so hard dot I come midy near shooking off all my frends. I dell you vat I *did* do. I shook off a rooster dot vas drying to borrow some money off me, und I gife him a lifely shake doo. I had a shake coming to me yesterday, but I forgod id vos my day, und so I forgod to shake. I hobe I'm rid of it, und of I gid vell dis dime I von't gid sick any more—of I can hellub id.

Sharley, you hafe had a poody goot dime of id ridin around all ofer mit me, und I dink ids done you a heab of goot; you hafe god a goot healdy color in your sheek, und you hafe god a goot healdy sheek doo; you nefer vas mitoud id, und you hafe seen a gread many dings dot vas vorth seein. Now, I dell you chusd vat I'm goin to do; I'm goin to valk vonce in a vile amongsd der boys, und shcoob some of dem in; ve'll dake a ride ofden enuff, und ve'll hafe a boushel of fun. I am goin to card you all ofer. I'm going to look you eiery dince I go, und I vant you to keeb your eye beeled, cause of you don'd somepody else vill keeb id beeled for you; dot's so, easy enuff, you needn'd look so doupdless aboud id. You vill find oud von of dese days, ven you gid ahead but on you by somepody, dot vat I'm delling you is der druth. I hafe saw a goot many fellers jusd like you, dot cause dey had been around leedle doughd dey vas shmard, und I hafe seen dem fery fellers gid in a hole und dey coodn'd gid oud nelder. Sharley, id's doo lade ven you are gidding hoofed in der nose ad der rade of dwendy hoofs a minuid to sing "Wride Me a Ledder from Home;" dot's der dime to sing "Dear Moder, I'll Come Home and Die."

Sharley, here comes John Bush, from avay down town, from Shadham shdreet, und he is von of der headiest men dot vent to dose shools vhen he vas a poy, und you leefed in dot lowcalidy dwendy mmudes midoud gidding ackgwainded mit John, dey vood hafe you in der Mooseum for someding dot nefer vas seen pefore. John Bush is a good man, Sharley, und he is von of dese good fellers "on der gwieg;" he don'd told efery ding he does, und don'd like to hear his frends do id neider. He does a brafe ding der nighd der "Murphy Show der Club" come home, und dot some fery nesht coosding him his life. Didn'd you saw id in der bapers? Vy dey vas full of all about id. Dey had some firevorks in der vaggon, und some how or oder dem dings dey god on fire, und dere vas a awful dime; dem blaveels dem vas shblnnin und efery-ding vas going do blazes, und her horses shdarded off und John ketched dem, und aldough he was poordy bad hurt he didn'd let dem vent, he held dem dighd; of dey had god away dere vouldn'd hafe been any gwanddify killed. He safed dwo or dree lifes dot night peredain, I dell you.

Did you efer saw der blay dot's named "Der Shdreets of New York?" Vell, dis feller comin long here made a big hit in dot blay; dis is Shairey Parsloe, und he is von of der nicesd leedle fellers on der sdage, or off id elder. He has de rebudation of bein a good acdor, und is a great faforide efery blace he blays. Sharley can blay der banjo poody vell, und ven he introduces his banjo plzness in a piece id dakes immense. Do you know der reason dot some acdors are always successful? Cause ven dey blay anyding dey do id to blease der audience, and dey are bound do succeed successful. Sharley Parsloe is von of der "old dime's rocks" lads, und he is a goot specimen of a New York boy from der vord "go." Him und me use to run around 6 druch house a goot long vile ago, pefore der Var, und ven der "Knights of der Round Dable" med ve vas dere doo, und ve vood gid as full as any of dem. I gwid dough, Sharley, a goot vile ago, und I don'd "shcoob" any more. I'm graduated—I'm oud of my dime—und of I hadn'd gwid I vood hafe peen oud of my head. Dot's efen so.

Here is von of der bead nadured fellers in der vorld, always laffin, und ven he sees me ali I hafe god to done vas to say boud fife vords in broken-German, und he vill "go off der handle." Dis is Phil Dolan, Esq., der Butcher, und of he vas a lifely Phil dere vas no 'hadge of der veader. Always der same—no madder vere you meed him he has god dot same goot nadured look on his face, und von funny vord vill sed him agoin. Phil drifes a goot shdebbing horse, und he dinks as much of a goot horse as he does of anyding in der vide vorld. He is a shblendid pisness man, und is makin money fasd. He is poody vell fixed now, und I vill dake his "bromise to bay" any dime of he vant to gife me von. Phil is a great man amongsd der boys down on 8d aienue, und efelefer he says down dere is der law und nopody musd dispude id. I shoodn'd be ad all surbrised of Phil shood make a preak for a boldical office some day. Sharley, of he did he vood boil a awful vode. I radder dink he vood make some of dem sick. Dem is der kind of men for bosishions—men like him—you coodn'd buy him for a barrel of money.

Dis fad, shtoud gendleman comin along here in dis phaedon is Misder Bidwell; der von dot keebs der Academy of Moosic in der city of New Orleans, und I peleef is inderesded in deatres in von or dwo oder blaces mit his bardner, Misder Sbaulding. Dafe Bidwell has peen in der show pisness a long vile, und of he don'd know all aboud id, den id's high dime dot he shood. He is also der brobriedor of der Phœnix Coffee House, on Saind Sharles shtreed, und many a gay dime I hafe seen in dot biace, you bed. Dot New Orleans is a varm biace, Sharley, und of you efer go dere, look oud. Of you *do* go, shued keeb gwied; shud down on your cordial; shday in der house nighds, und be careful how you go drough Canaldon House shdairs. I dell you, Sharley, of I didn't know ven his head is lefel und glear und righd, he vill dry und keeb id dot vay so long as he can—of a man ain'd god a lefel head his head ain'd any use to him. Keeb your head glear und your bowels oben, und you vill leef forever. Remember dot dill ve gid home, vill you? Dot's good advice, Sharley.

Sharley, aid up shdraighd—here comes der Recorder, John K. Hackett, Esq., und id's almood useless for me to say anyding aboud him, he is so vell known to efery body, nod oney in dis city, bud all over der coundry. Misder Hackett has peen der Recorder of der city for some dime, und der beeples like him so vell in der bosishion dot dey are goin to eleed him agin und make him ser! vedder he vands to or nod. He is a fine gendleman, und I nefer heerd of him hafin a enemy. Do be sure, dare might be somepody dot is absalous of him, bud I dond peleef dere is anyone down on him for cause. Sharley, he is von of der finesd shods mit a bisdol dere is in der vorld, und he can shood a den cend biece out of a man's fingers, dwenty-fife baces, efery dime; dot's so. You needn't look at me dot vay; *I'm* delling dis, und I ony dell chusd vat I know. He is a candydade again, und I'm bedding dot he vill boll a vode dot vill exbrise eferypody.

DO BEEN CODTINUED.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Snivins "Analyses" the Shakesperian Drama, and Draws Profound Deductions from the Same.

MISTER FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—In peroosin of the wurks o the lamentid Shakes, even minds o the most ornary calibree must be struck with the deep meenin idden in every line ov is tex. Open is plays enny wheres, and the pints stands out like jools—every eyster contains a puri, every paragrait as hits applicashin. Frinstans—take Grasharnoe, in the "Merchant o Wennis:—

"I her sir a sor o men oos visages
Doe cream a d man de like a standin pond,"

jest like certin oily fellers what I wot of, oos countenances is spread all ofer with a sort o greasy content like a buckwheat cake with plenty o butter.

"And doe a willful stiffness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wis dom, gray ty, prof ound conceit.
As o m should say, b'i ham Sir Horacle,
And when I open my lips, let no dorg bark."

Ere's eloquence for you! Ere's wisdom! Avent al on us seen jest sich? And could e a come nearer to the mark if he ad added the names of sev'ral of our exemplilary and immakilate literary censors—Mr. Grant Wite, for instus?

"Grasharnoe speaks a mindfolle dele o nothing,
More nor any man in all Weenis."

Ar! ad Shakesy sed as much nowadays, wouldn't the ole tribe a come down on him—that's all! I reckin! He must a ad some idee o the moddern sensashen drammy, for e says:—

"Our ships are but boards, our sailers but men; there be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves; I mene pirots, and then there is the perils of waters, winds and rocks."

Shakesy wus not kep back by any conwential notions,

versmaid and prepare for the journey across the country to Stronachlachar, at the head of Loch Katrine, a distance of five miles, through a romantic country, rendered doubly interesting by being connected with Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem of "The Lady of the Lake," a description of which I will reserve for my next.

MONS. LA THORNE.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

RESTITUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I.

Take back the flowers thou gavest me,
Though withered and scentless they be;
Take back the emblems of Constancy—
No more they are treasured by me!
False, false the love speeches thou uttered,
And false is the core of thy heart;
Then take them all back—the sad trinkets—
Perfidious one! now we must part!

II.

Take back the tress of thy golden hair,
Thy picture—once prized!—O, take;
And the ribbon that clasped thy slender neck,
Once cherished for thy dear sake—
The glove, with the breath of the heliotrope
Still lingering in every fold—
In return, false one! I only ask
My Government Bonds and Gold! F. J. W.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a beautiful and fascinating girl like a butcher? Because she is a "killing creature."

WHAT Scotch sport is like ladies' conversation? *Dears talking* (deer stalking.)

WHAT kind of fare is the best to live upon? Wel-fare.

WHEN is the letter L like a piece of unparalleled generosity? When it enables a lady to make *over* a *lover*.

WHY is a sailing ship like a ship propelled on the Archimedean principle? Because it is worked by its crew (its screw).

WHAT flowers should ladies resemble, and what flowers should they not resemble? They should be *roses*, but not *prim*-roses.

WHY does the new moon bear the form and the name of a mackerel? Is it because it mows down our joys and our sorrows as it moves onwards?

WHY are sheep the most dissipated animals in creation? Because they gambol in their youth, spend most of their days on the turf, the best of them are black-legs, and they are sure to be fleeced at last.

BREVITIES.

SEA pests—Tempests.

A HIGHWAY—The Milky Way.

PAPER cuffs—Newspaper attacks.

MENDED ways—Repaired streets.

A TENDER place—Behind the engine.

PLAYED out—The water in a fire engine.

HONEST Instruments—Upright pianos.

To be seen for nothing—The play of the features.

ALPHABETICAL Admonition—A word to the "Y's."

OLD injuries are seldom cancelled by new benefits.

THE best waiting maids—elderly females unmarried.

A WHEEL, unlike a horse, runs the better for being tired.

FOR all the several gems in virtue, vice has counterfeit stones.

NEVER stand aside for trifles. Let them do that honor to you.

HE who has good health is a rich man and does not know it.

A LOGICAL fact—The mouths of rivers are larger than their heads.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best purchase is useful books.

HUMAN foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

KNOWLEDGE raises us above the brutes, but love erects us above ourselves.

IF you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

A MAN is never so thoroughly immersed in business as when he takes a bath.

A DELICATE parcel to be forwarded by rail—a young lady wrapped up in herself.

WHEN the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter the breach.

IN making our arrangements to live, we should never forget that we have also to die.

MISERS are generally bachelors; they seem averse to squandering even their affections.

HAPPINESS only begins when wishes end, and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

OUR hope for self is strongest and least selfish when it is blended with our hope for the world.

HE that has more knowledge than judgment is made for another man's use rather than his own.

TRUTH is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

OF whatever nature our inclinations are, we generally incline to bring others into the road we are traveling ourselves.

"WHO took care of the babies?" artlessly inquired a little girl, on hearing her mother say that all people were once children.

TO VEX another is to teach him to vex us again; injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

SOME persons have so great an aversion to pretension in affection, that they are apt to neglect polish in their abhorrence of varnish.

MANY things that are certain are contradicted; many that are false pass without contradiction; contradiction is no proof of falsehood, nor universal assent of truth.

IN proportion as our own mind is enlarged, we discover a greater number of men of originality. Commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.

HE only is the true poet who strives earnestly to enact his highest, best thoughts; this is his hardest task and only as he steadfastly labors for its fulfilment is he worthy of his sacred name.

"It's a good thing to have a handsome penman for a bean," said Mary, as she glanced over a *billet-doux*. "Yes," replied Julia, "if the *penman* is only handsome, I don't care how ugly the *penmanship* is."

MERRY MOMENTS.

TWO RIVAL BELLES met at a ball. "How well you look under candle-light!" exclaimed one, with a stress on the candle. "And how charming you look in the dark!" answered the other.

A COUPLE of fellows, who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said:—"Jim, let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."

A THICK-HEADED English squire, on being worsted by Rev. Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming:—"If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a parson." "Very likely," said Sydney, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

A PECULIAR DEATH.—At a young ladies' seminary, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was thus interrogated:—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply, "he was communicated by a bull."

CLERICAL CON.—Conundrum by a clergyman at a dinner party:—"Why don't they build mills on the lower Mississippi?" Answer:—"Dam it they can't." Response by a lady of the party:—"Why does the devil never skate?" Answer:—"How in —— can he?"

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—Two colored gentlemen playing billiards in Detroit quarrelled. One hit the other a tremendous blow over the head with the butt end of a cue, which made the splinters fly, whereupon the assailed darkey paused to remark:—"Now, Sam, stop, and less reason dis yere thing a little."

A FEW years ago, the following epitaph was to be seen on a gravestone in a churchyard near Sheffield, Eng.:—

Beneath these stones
Lies William Jones,
The Bailiff and the Bum;
When he died
The devil cried,
Come, Billy, come

GREAT FAITH IN SPECTACLES.—One day a resident of some rural district came to town to buy a pair of spectacles, having often heard how a pair of good glasses improve the sight. Having arrived at the shop, he inquired for a pair of first-rate spectacles. The shopkeeper handed him a pair and a newspaper, to try the effect. The countryman said, "No, they would not do." One pair after the other was tried, until the shopkeeper impatiently said:—"Perhaps, sir, you can't read at all?" "Why, you fool, you, do you think if I could read I would buy a pair of spectacles?" And the indignant "rural" left the place instanter.

GRAVE JOKES.—A good story is told of a doctor who was somewhat of a wag. He met one day in the street a sexton with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to ask, "Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold; how long have you had that?" "Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interments?" "Ten dollars," was the reply. "Well," continued he, "just come into my surgery, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you calling round, and so anxious about my health." The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning round to the doctor, he replied, "Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practice." Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured to joke at the expense of the other.

A PARROT STORY.—"You see," said the old darkey, "dis parrot belonged to a baker in Richmond. Now, each baker is 'lowed to make a certain number of loaves of bread ebery day, and no more, 'cause if dey do dey will be serving out stale bread to de customers. Well, dis baker had baked more dan his usual share one day, an' hid the surplus num'er under de counter. De parrot was hanging in his cage, and seed it all. Bimeby in comes de inspector, and finds de bread all right, an' is goin' out agin satisfied, when de parrot cocks his eye at him and sings out, 'Dere's more bread under de counter!' So the inspector grabs it, 'cordin to law, and carries it off. Well, den, de baker goes to de parrot, bery mad, an' takes him by de head, and fotches him a twitch or two, and flings him in de gutter for dead, 'longside a pig just dead of de measles. Bimeby de parrot begins to crawl about, his feathers sticking out, and his head lopped on one side, and den stops and looks at de pig very pitiful, and sez:—'Did you say anything about de bread?'"

HEARTLESS JOKE.—One of the most heartless things ever done was a trick once played on Pope, the epicurean actor. A wicked friend asked him to dine off a small turbot, and a boiled hitchbone of beef, apologizing for the humble fair with the usual feigned humility of friends. "Why, it's the very thing I like," said Pope, in his reply, referring to the aitchbone. "I will come, my son, with all the pleasure in life." He came, he saw, he ate; ate till he grew nearer the table, and could eat no more. He had just laid down his knife and fork, like a soldier tired of war's alarms, when a bell was rung, and in came a smoking haunch of venison. Pope saw the trick at once; he cast a look of bitter reproach upon his friend, tried with a large slice, then again dropped his now utterly useless weapons, and burst into hysterical and unrestrainable tears. "A friend of twenty years' standing," he sobbed, "and to be deceived in this manner!"

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

C. S. DRISCOLL, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Positions both good, and shall appear.

N. W. S., Montreal.—After the "fingers" have been removed, the move is irreclaimable.

DRAUGHT AMATEUR, Lacline Co.—Will reply next week.

Game No. 30.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. CULLY AND BREEN, OF THIS CITY.

CROSS

Black.	Cully.	White.	Breen.	Black.	Cully.	White.	Breen
1..11	to 15	23	to 18	12..	1 to 6(c)	24	to 19
2..8	11	27	23	13..15	24	28	19
3..4	8	24	20	14..6	9	15	12
4..13	16	32	27	15..10	14	19	15
5..8	12	27	24	16..11	16(d)	30	11
6..9	13(a)	21	17	17.. 7	16	15	10
7..16	19	23	16	18..14	17	10	6
8..13	19	31	27	19..17	25	6	1
9..6	9(b)	27	21	20.. 9	14	18	9
10..9	14	25	16	21.. 5	14	1	5
11..14	21	26	25	22..26	31, White resigned.		

(a) Six moves without an exchange is unusual.
(b) 10 to 14 would have given Black the advantage.
(c) Too late.
(d) Better than 14 to 17, as it wins a man at once.

Solution of Position No. 57.—Vol. XVII.

BY M. WARDELL.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..16 to 11	32 to 27	4..18 to 15	11 to 18
2..23 19	2 9	5..19 16	12 19
3..11 8	4 11	6..17 27, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 58.—Vol. XVII.

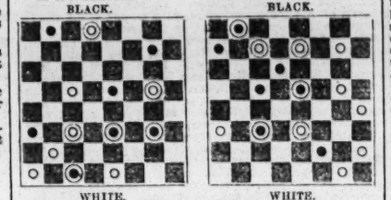
BY R. C.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..26 to 22	25 to 18	4..11 to 16	12 to 26
2..3 9	12 3	5..31 22, and wins.	
3..4 8	3 12		

Position No. 59.—Vol. 17. Position No. 60. Vol. 17.

BY C. F. DRISCOLL. BY M. WARDELL.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.
White to move and win. Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Believe us we really part with regret from the pleasant task of preparing your "Critiques" for the press. The CLIPPER, thanks to the zeal and ability of its army of contributors, has become the standard repository of all such things. You shall hear the report of your "light artillery"—well, some time.

E. H. C.—We apply such heroine as the case admits of, to remove the unfortunate discoloration from your brother's pretty problem. You can now forward your first instalment on Alexandre's 3-moves.

CHAS. PORTER.—You and "G. E. C." are both in with a sol. of the 19-move "challenge;" both shall be ventilated. A man who can meet "Brenzy," and come off unconquered, must know a Pawn from a pat-scoon, eh?

TIMO. M. BUCKY.—Perhaps the following contains an idea worthy of being cogitated upon:—"My solution of Brown's No. 695 fails *unless there should be a White P at K 5th.* Am I right in such a supposition? Or, is there a variation depending on the move for the Defence, 1. K X P? If so, I'll try and hunt it up. It would be a magnificent affair, if such was the case."—G. E. C.

Solution of Problem No. 694.

(The Rook at Q R 8 being Black.)

BY CHAS. PORTER.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to Q 2 +	K moves	10..Q to Kt sq +	K to R 6
2..Q-B sq +	K-R 7	11..R-Q 5	K-R 5
3..R-B 2 +	K-Kt 6	22..Q-B 2 +	K R 6(l)
4..R-Kt 2 +	K-R 5 best	25..K-B 4	K-Kt 5
5..Q-B 4 +	K-R 6 best	24..K-B 3	K-R 6
6..Q-B 3 +	K-R 5	25..K-B 2	K-Kt 5
7..Q-Kt 3 +	K-R 4	26..K-Kt sq	K-R 6
8..Q-Kt 4 +	K-R 3	27..K-R sq	K-Kt 5
9..Q-Kt 5 +	K-R 2	28..K-R 2	K-R 5
10..Queher 7 +	K-R 3	29..Q-B 4 +	K-R 6
11..R-B 6 +	K-R 4	30..R-R 5 +	K-Kt 7
12..R-Kt 5 +	K-R 5	31..R-R 2 +	K-Kt 8
13..Kt-B 3 +	K-R 6(l)	32..Q-Kt 3 +	K-R 8
14..R-R 6 +	R X R	33..Q-Kt 2 +	K-Q 8
15..B-K 7 +	R Inter	34..Kt-B 3 +	K-his 8
16..Q-K 6	P-R 5	35..P X P +	K-B 8
17..Kt-K 4	K-R 5	36..R-Kt sq +	R Inter
18..Q-B 4 +	K-R 6	37..Q-Kt 7	R moves
19..Q-Kt 4 +	K-R 7	38..Q-Kt 2 +	P X Q, mate.

(l) If Black 23..K to Kt 5, proceed as above up to the 27th move, then:—

23..R to R 5 +	K to Kt 5	34..Kt to K B 2 +	K to B 8
29..Q-B 5 +	K-Kt 6	35..Q-K sq +	R Inter
30..R-R 3 +	K-Kt 7	56..Kt-K 4	K-R 8 best
31..Q-Kt 4 +	K-R 8 best	37..Kt-B 3 +	K-B 8
32..R-R sq +	K-B 7	38..P-K 4	R X Q, mate.
33..R-R 2 +	K-Q 8 best		

How's that, Theo. M. B? "C. P." owes to a "terrific consumption of mental chemicals."

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XLIII.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

[Before giving the closing paragraphs of our contributor's most valuable and interesting addition to American Chessan literature, we feel anew called upon to express to him our deep and lasting sense of obligation and pride that the CLIPPER's Chess Department was selected as the medium of presenting these remarkably careful analytical papers, at once so searching, so exhaustive and so candid, and so free from all offensive spirit, to the notice and for the perusal and revision of the American chess world.

We have, too, a criticism of our own to offer, which does not refer to Mr. Healey, however, unless he was his own proof-reader. We refer to the "clonchy," the positively offensive appearance of the diagrams, in that so many of the plain shaded squares are inverted. In a work issuing a "drawing-room edition," otherwise of superior finish and at an extra price, this carelessness of appearance in this point of taste is unpardonable. There are scarcely twenty perfect, and all but two or three of these in the first fourth of the work. This want of taste is the more surprising, as the proof-reader had Preti's works, in France, and the Appletons', in this country, as almost perfect models in diagram typography.—ED.]

Although I have depended upon something more than a superficial examination in pointing out similarities of idea, and in noticing flaws in this collection, I feel that neither my abilities nor my opportunities have been such as the number and universally acknowledged excellence of the problems passed under review demanded, and I do not doubt that some one more able than myself, or possessed of greater facilities, could readily and largely extend what I have here accomplished.

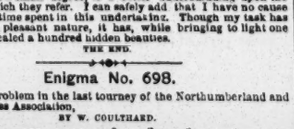
In concluding this attempt to embrace all the *errata* in Healey's Problems, I have thought that it might not be altogether unnecessary to say that, whatever strictures I have offered foreign to the chief purpose of these notes have been dictated by no unkind spirit, but were added as being within the limits of legitimate criticism, as adding variety to what would otherwise present too great a sameness; and as conducive, so far as those strictures are correct, and though but in a small degree, to a better understanding upon the subject to which they refer. I can safely add that I have no cause to regret the time spent in this undertaking. Though my task has not been of a pleasant nature, it has, while bringing to light one blemish, revealed a hundred hidden beauties.

THE END.

Enigma No. 698.

1st Prize Problem in the last tourney of the Northumberland and Durham Chess Association,

BY W. COULTHARD.



at Q Bsq, QB 5, QR 2, QB 3, Q Ktsq, K 2, KB 4, KR 7, and 8, and a White Pawn at K Kt 5th.

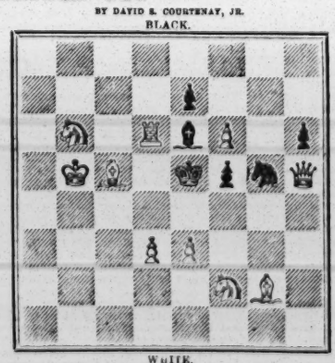
at KB 4, K Kt 2, QB 2, KB sq, K 4, QKt 3, KR 8, Q 2, and 6th
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 698.

"It was really a pity to spoil Courtenay's beautiful little nullet by that error in color."—G. E. C.

BY DAVID S. COURTENAY, JR.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in two moves.

Game No. 698.

Partie between Mr. J. G. Whiteman and our contributor, G. Reichelm, Esq.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Reichelm.	Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Reichelm.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3(a)	27..K to his B 2	K R to B 2
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	28..R-K R sq	K-his 3
3..K P X P	K P X P	29..R R X R	K B X R
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	30..Q R X R	K X Q R
5..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	31..Q-K 3	Q X Q(c)
6..Castles	Castles	32..P X Q	K-Kt 2
7..Q B-Kt 5	Q B-Kt 5	33..P-Q Kt 3	P-Q Kt 4
8..P-K R 3	B-K R 4	34..Kt P X P	Kt P X P
9..Q R-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	35..B-Q R 4	K-his B 3
10..P-K Kt 4	Q B-Kt 3	36..B-Q B 3	K-his 3
11..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt-Q 2	37..Kt-K B sq	K B-R 6
12..K Kt X Q B	Q X Kt	38..K-Q 2	K B-Q 3
13..Q B X Kt	Kt P X B	39..Kt-K 3(d)	Q B-B 6
14..P-K B 4	P-K B 4	40..Kt X Q B P	B X P +
15..P-K Kt 5	P-K B 3	41..K-home	Q-B 5
16..P-K R 4	B 1st P X P	42..Kt-Q 2	Q B-Q 6
17..R P X P	Q-K Kt 3	43..K B-K 8[]	K B-Kt 6 +
18..Q Kt-K 2	Q-K sq	44..K-Q sq	P-K B 8
19..Q-her 2	P-Q B 4	45..Kt-K B 3	Q B-his 5
20..P-Q B 3	P-Q B 5	46..P-Q R 4	K-his B 4
21..B-Q B 2	P-K R 3	47..Kt-K 5	Q B-B 5
22..Kt-B 3 +	Q X Kt P	48..K-Kt 6 +	K-his 3
23..K R-B 2	Q B-R 4(b)	49..B-his 7 +	K-Q 3
24..Kt-Kt 5	B-K Kt 5	50..K-Q 4	K B-his 7
25..Q R-K B sq	Q-K 2	51..B-K 8 5. and the *parties* was	
26..K B-his 2	Q-K 5	declared a draw.	

(a) Mr. R. adopted this defence with a view to testing Paulsen's innovation, 3..Q Kt to B 3; but Mr. W. did not adopt a variation that admitted it.

(b) The end-game is both interesting and instructive.

(c) The Defence has the choice of position; but it is impossible to win.

(d) This is an adroit manœuvre.

"Beautiful little game." Herr Kolisch giving Q B, and the move.—*Reynold's Miscellany.*

KING'S KT'S DEFENCE.

Amateur.	Herr Kolisch.	Amateur.	Herr Kolisch.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q to K 2	Q B to Kt 5
2..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	11..Castles	K B-B 4
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	12..Q R-Kt 5	P-K R 3
4..P-Q 3	P-Q Kt 4	13..P-K R 3	P-K R 4(c)
5..K Kt-Kt 3	P-Q R 4	14..R P X B	R P X P
6..P-Q R 4	P-Q Kt 5	15..K Kt X P	Q K-Q sq(f)
7..Q Kt-R 2	P-Q 4	16..Q-K sq	R Kt-K 5(g)
8..K P X P	B P X P	17..Q B X Q(h)	Kt-his 6
9..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..B P X Kt	Kt mates.

(c) The commencement of a singularly beautiful combination, which deserves to be attentively examined. It is rarely we meet with such a prett series of moves in actual play.

(f) Threatening immediate mate.

(g) This is conclusive, play as the Attack may.

(h) Had Pawn taken Kt, then, probably:—

17..Q P X Kt	Q X Q B	19..Kt to his 6 +	K to Q 3
18..K P X P	Q-K R 4	20..Kt X Q R	P-K Kt 6,

and Herr Kolisch wins.

BASE BALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1869.

ITS VICTORIES AND DEFEATS.

No. 4.—August.

August was principally remarkable for the number and extent of the excursions undertaken by the leading clubs of New York and other cities. The Mutuals, Eckfords, Athletics, "Haymakers," Keystones, Southern, of New Orleans; Oriental and Olympic, of this city, and Alerts, of Rochester, all made trips, of more or less extent, to different parts of the country. In addition to this, the Central Citys, of Syracuse, finished up their western trip, begun in July, and the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, and Niagaras, of Buffalo, made short trips. The Eckfords and "Haymakers" made the most extended journeys, while the Athletics, in addition to their annual visit to the metropolis, excursioned to several of the country towns of Pennsylvania early in August, and afterwards visited Baltimore and Washington. Later in the season the Athletics took a trip to Cincinnati expressly to meet the "Red Stockings." With the exception of their annual excursions to Philadelphia and Troy, and a flying visit to Boston, early in the season, the Atlantics remained at home. Their neglect to return the visit of the "Red Stockings" has been the subject of much unfavorable comment, and has been referred to before in our columns.

As of most importance, the tour of the Eckfords, then the nominal champions, will be first noticed. The Eckfords left town on the evening of Aug. 8th, by Hudson River Railroad. They played their first game at Oswego on the following day, having for their opponents the Ontario Club. The champions scored a handsome victory, with the totals 37 to 9. On the 10th the Central Citys, of Syracuse, were defeated by 41 to 13. Rochester was the next stopping place, where the Alerts were captured by a score of 38 to 27. The Forest Citys, of Cleveland, were next encountered, and again the champions scored a victory, 41 to 27. On the 13th the Independents, of Mansfield, Ohio, were defeated by 58 to 19. The Queen City was reached on the 14th, and on the same afternoon the Buckeyes succumbed by 37 to 16. After a day's rest (Sunday), the Brooklynites met the famous "Red Stockings" on the 16th. The Eckfords went into this game under the disadvantage of having to play a substitute in place of Jewett. The game was not so well contested as it would otherwise have been, and the Cincinnatis won a signal victory, with the score 45 to 18. So at all disheartened by this unlooked-for result, the Eckfords somewhat redeemed themselves on the following day at Detroit, where they vanquished a club of that name by 42 to 12. At Buffalo, on the 19th, the Niagara Club met with defeat by 24 to 18. On the 20th, at Buffalo, the Young Canadian Club suffered defeat, with the score 29 to 16. The last game of the trip took place at Troy on the 21st, where, in a very well-contested game with the "Haymakers," the Eckfords gave that noted club a whipping. The score was 20 to 17. In the 11 games played the Eckfords scored 361 runs to 219, an average of 32·9 against 19·10. Patterson and Hodes led the score of bases on hits.

Next to the tour of the Eckfords that of the Union ("Haymakers"), of Lansingburgh, was the most extended and successful. The "Haymakers" left Troy on Saturday evening, Aug. 21st, and played their first game at Cleveland, on the 23d, on which occasion they vanquished the Forest City Club by 34 to 21. On the 24th they met the Independents at Mansfield, Ohio, and, in seven innings, scored 44 to 20. On the 26th, after a day's rest, the "Haymakers" encountered the "Red Stockings." The termination of this contest at the end of the fifth innings, with the score 17 to 17, by the refusal of the "Haymakers" to continue playing, was referred to at length at the time in the CLIPPER, and we do not intend to go over the ground again. Suffice to say, that public opinion was against the action of the visiting club, although they found many apologists, even in Cincinnati. On the 28th the "Haymakers" journeyed to Louisville, Ky. Here they met the Kentucky Club and won a victory by 31 to 11. On the 30th they scored 50 against 16 with the Baltics, of Wheeling, West Virginia. On the 1st of September the "Haymakers" entered Washington and the same afternoon defeated the Nationals by 37 to 24. On the following day the Unions were vanquished, with the totals 73 to 11. At Baltimore, on the 3d, the "Haymakers" were unexpectedly defeated by the Pastimes, by 15 to 14. As they gained a handsome victory over the Marylands, a better club, the score 25 to 12, it was generally thought the "Haymakers" threw their game with the Pastimes to accommodate their betting friends. On the 6th they played a brilliant game with the Athletics, the latter winning by one run only—18 to 17. The last game of the trip came off on the 7th, the Keystones being opposed to the Trojans. The score stood 29 to 22 in favor of the latter. In the eleven games played, the "Haymakers" scored 371 runs against 187, giving them an average of 33·6 to 17 for their opponents. Craver and M. King led the score of bases on hits.

On August 18 the Athletics took a short run into the country towns of Pennsylvania and scored four victories. On the 18th, at Reading, Pa., the Schuylkills were defeated by 44 to 14. The Mountain Citys, of Pottsville, were met on the 19th, and they also contributed a trophy to the ball case of the Athletics. The score was somewhat remarkable—107 to 2, in eight innings. On the 20th the Riversides, of Catawissa, succumbed by 67 to 7, in six innings. The last game was played at Bloomsburg, with the Independents, on the 21st, when the Athletics outdid themselves. The score stood 114 to 5. The total scores of these four games was 334 to 25, with the remarkable average of over 80 runs to a game against 6. On the 29th of August the Athletics took a trip to Washington and Baltimore. In the former city they defeated the Nationals by 32 to 20, and the Olympics by 30 to 28. At Baltimore, on September 1, the Athletics met defeat at the hands of the Marylands, with the score 28 to 24. (The score of the first game in Philadelphia, August 2, was 73 to 23 the other way.) On the following day the Pastimes played them a close game—29 to 33. It is but justice to the Athletics to state that Radcliff failed to keep his engagement and accompany them on this trip, and their nine was weakened in consequence.

The Mutuals left the city on the evening of the 22d, direct for Washington. In their game with the Nationals, on the 23d, they were beaten, by 18 to 14.—On the following day they again suffered defeat, this time at the hands of the Olympics, with the score 32 to 15. On the 25th, with the Marylands, they did better, scoring a victory—27 to 18. The Pastimes were also beaten—21 to 13. On the 27th, at Philadelphia, the Keystones were beaten by 29 to 19.

Our record of the tour of the Southern Club, of New Orleans, is not as complete as we could wish. They must have left the Crescent City about the 10th or 12th of August. Their first game came off at Memphis, Tenn., about the 16th, where, in a game with the Bluff City Club, they won by 25 to 19. On the 17th, 18th and 19th they played in St. Louis with the Atlantic, Empire and Union Clubs respectively. The Southerners won each one of these games, the scores being 10 to 4, 23 to 10 and 35 to 31. On the 20th and 21st the Southern chaps gave the citizens of Louisville, Ky., evidence of their skill as ball players. On those days the Louisville and Eagle clubs succumbed to their prowess, the first by 43 to 25 and the second by 25 to 22. On the 23d the Southerners met the "Red Stockings," at Cincinnati, and played the last game of their trip. They were no match for the western champions and were beaten by 57 to 3.

The Orientals left town on the 15th and played their first game on the 16th with the Athletics at Philadelphia. Up to the sixth innings the New Yorkers had the best of the game. They had scored 9 runs in that innings, leaving the score 16 to 10 in their favor. The Athletics had lost two hands, and Coffee, at short, had a chance to dispose of the third, but a wild throw spoiled it, and before the innings was closed 16 runs were made. The final score was 49 to 24. On the 12th the Keystones gave them a worse drubbing—45 to 17. They scored their first and only victory at Baltimore on the 18th, beating the Pastimes by 16 to 15. On the 19th the Marylands vanquished them—28 to 15, and on the 20th they met the worse defeat of their tour at the hands of the Nationals, of Washington—48 to 8.

Probably the most remarkable excursion of the season—if not the most remarkable ever undertaken—was that of the Olympic Club, of this city. The Olympics started off on an eastern trip on the 3d of August, three or four short of their first nine. They played five games, losing every one! Their first game came off on the 4th, with the Excelsior, of Worcester, Mass.—score, 29 to 26; 5th, Fairmount, of Marlboro, Mass.—47 to 8; 7th, Tri-Mountain, of Boston—80 to 14; 9th, Lowell, of Boston—90 to 15; 10th, Clipper, of Lowell, Mass.—84 to 20. In these five games the Olympics scored 83 to 330—an average of 16·3 against 66 and 30 over. When we take into consideration the fact that the Lowells and Tri-Mountains were the only first class clubs encountered, it is difficult to account for the remarkable result.

We close our account of the numerous excursions made in August—referring to that of the Keystones, of Philadelphia. They left the Quaker City on the 18th, and on the 19th encountered the "Haymakers," who defeated them by 31 to 9. On the 20th the Mutuals beat them by 31 to 18, and on the 21st the Atlantics gave them a severe drubbing, the score standing 34 to 2 in five innings.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 1st, the Atlantics left for Troy, and in the afternoon of the following day the "Haymakers" won their first ball from them. Smith was not in the nine, and the score stood 17 to 10. At Philadelphia the Keystones gained a victory over the Marylands by 31 to 24. On the same day the champions of Pennsylvania took a run out to Doylestown, and knocked the spots out of the Arcadias by 57 to 6. At the Union ground, the Eckfords and Orientals pulled off their second game, with the score 25 to 12.

On the 3d, the Athletics gave the southern champions—the Marylands—a terrible beating—73 to 23. At Pittsburgh the Olympics defeated the Enterprise by 32 to 19. The Alphas and Excelsiors played a pretty game at the Capitoline, which the former won by 10 to 9. At Hoboken the Gothams and Eagles contended, and the latter had their wings clipped—46 to 36.

The only game of any importance on the 4th was the contest between Kekford champions of 1865 and 1869. The 1865 nine consisted of Jimmy Wood, Watty Beach, Jo. Sprague, Al. Reach, Tommy Devyr, Josh Snyder, Johnny Grum, West. Campbell and Manolt—all of them Simon Pure except Campbell. The game was interesting from old associations and attracted considerable attention. The new champions were successful by 35 to 7. On the same day the Champions of Jersey City defeated the Resolutes, of Elizabeth, by 45 to 21. At Cincinnati, on the 4th, the Central Citys, of Syracuse, who started on a short western tour in July, were defeated by the "Red Stockings,"—37 to 9.

On the 5th the Central Citys, not content with their game of the previous day, again tackled the "Red Stockings" scoring 22 to 38. At the Capitoline ground the Atlantics and Unions came together for the first time since 1868. The score stood 34 to 8. On the same day the Bergens, of Bergen, N. J., were beaten in a close game by the Athletics, of Washington Heights—17 to 16. At Portsmouth, Ohio, the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, defeated the Riversides, of the former place, by 45 to 12.

At Cincinnati, on the 6th, the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, scored 27 to the "Red Stockings" 43. The Alerts, of Rochester, defeated the Excelsiors, of Albany, 36 to 15. At the Union ground the Mutuals whipped the Harmonics by 46 to 11, and the Gothams vanquished the Socials at Hoboken by 32 to 28.

On the 7th, the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, captured the Buckeyes, at Cincinnati, by 58 to 31. The Central Citys, on their way home, stopped at Buffalo, where they took in the Niagaras, with the score, 18 to 15.

The Atlantics and "Haymakers" came together again on the 9th, at Saratoga. The game was intended as an exhibition or "social" affair, and it cost one dollar to get near enough to see it on the race-course, which was fully adapted for such a purpose. The speculation was a failure financially. The Atlantics were successful, 25 to 11. At Cleveland the Forest Citys entertained the Niagaras, by defeating them, 40 to 33. The Central Citys, in the last game of their trip, scored 34 to 13 against the Alerts, at Rochester. At the Elysian Fields, the young Socials were too much for the veteran Gothams, the score being 43 to 37.

The return game of the Mutual-Irvington match came off on the 10th, and resulted in another victory for the Mules—32 to 10. At the Elysian Fields the Harmonics, of Brooklyn, walked off with the Eagles. Ten innings were played and the score was 35 to 31. At Albany the Independents, of Amsterdam, N. Y., beat the Nationals—28 to 27. At Portsmouth, Ohio, on the 11th, the Red Stockings scored 40 to 0 with the Riversides. On the 12th the Athletes, of Washington Heights, beat the Champions, of Jersey City, on the latter's ground by 32 to 18. At the Capitoline ground the Atlantics defeated the Athletics, of Brooklyn, by 29 to 3. At Albany the Nationals were again defeated by a country club, the Ancient Citys, of Schenectady, 37 to 31. On the 13th at Roxbury, Mass., the Lowells, of Boston, beat the Fairmounts, of Marlborough, 47 to 38.

The Harmonics visited Staten Island on the 14th and in a game with the Quicksteps scored 39 to 23. At the Union Ground the Mutuals and Stars pulled off the second game of their match. The former were successful, with the totals 22 to 18.

On the 16th the Niagaras, of Buffalo, defeated the Ontarios, of Oswego—36 to 15. At the Union Ground the Base Ball Reporters warmed the Muffins of the Eckford Club, 57 to 34.

The first meeting between the Mutuals and Unions for the season, took place on the 17th. The New Yorkers outbatted their antagonists, scoring 85 to 8. At Washington, the third game of the Olympic-National series resulted in another victory for the former club, by 42 to 18.

The Harmonics captured the Flatbush Eagles on the 18th—40 to 20. The Socials went over to Bergen, N. J., and left a ball with the Bergens. Score, 31 to 26. On the same day the Resolutes, of Elizabeth, N. J., defeated the Liberty, of New Brunswick, with the totals 87 to 18. At Boston, the Lowells and Tri-Mountains played a fine game, which the latter won—23 to 12.

On the 19th, the Mutuals, in their return game with the Ross Club, scored 49 to 8. At Washington, on the 21st, the Olympics beat the Nationals 22 to 9. At Newtown, Va., the Old Point Club defeated the Nationals, with the score 34 to 25.

The Olympics, of Providence, R. I., visited the "Hub" on the 23d, and in a game with the Lowells scored 16 against 35. The Empires took a trip to Melrose on the 24th, where they made short work of the Unions, the totals standing 45 to 13. At Hoboken the Actives were beaten 32 to 21 by the Empires.

The Athletics and Alphas came together at the Capitoline ground on the 25th. The former were victorious—32 to 23. At Chicago, the Actives beat the Garden Citys by 18 to 11. The Unions defeated the Jeffersons, of Washington, with the score 32 to 23.

At the Capitoline, on the 27th and 28th, the Atlantics met the Olympics and Stars, scoring 89 to 10 with the former and 27 to 22 with the latter.

The "Red Stockings" gained a signal victory over the Buckeyes on the 31st. In eight innings the score stood 103 to 8. At Rochester the Niagaras of Buffalo, vanquished the Alerts, with the score 19 to 15.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

ATHLETIC CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.

We give below the averages of the Athletics, as prepared expressly for the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* by Mr. A. H. Wright, the scorer of the club, and kindly furnished us in advance of their day of publication by the proprietors of that paper. Mr. Wright is also well known as the base ball

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Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 29, 1869.

THE WEEK closes without any extraordinary effort in theatricals; in fact, rather weak efforts have characterized the performances of some establishments, and, consequently, the attendance at such places has been sickly and debilitating, despite the "strength of the company." Popular singing seems to be in order, judging from the large audiences which greet English opera and minstrelsy. The Grand Opera House, notwithstanding the *Fisk*-al and *Gould*-en operations of its proprietors in their *eyrie* under the same roof, do not materially interfere with the operations of the *Rich*-ings company, whose *silvery* productions are nightly exchanged for the *notes* of the people. That the opera is a success is patent to all; popular prices and opera given in language that all can understand, help to win public patronage and approval.....We are sorry to observe a disposition on the part of a number of our clerical friends to decry dancing; and a committee of them, we hear, have taken the necessary *steps* to put an end to such "pernicious amusements" in their respective fields of labor. Dust to say, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, says somebody, which, being translated into a living tongue, means "Evil to him who evil thinks." While our pious friends object to dancing as an amusement, they will not object to see the sinful creatures *dance* atten-*dance* upon their ministrations, and help to fill their baskets with an abun-*dance* of the filthy lucre.....*Frehler* is coming here, so they say; now, in case he has a wife, and should bring her along with him, how will our trying climate af-*fect-her?* Any article on the board for four cents—sausages and other borers six cents.....'One Jim" isn't got more sense than our city dads permits, but still he is not such a *non-compos mentis* as he prides himself in having a learned judge once called him; fact is, James thought the judge was complimenting him. Once in a while he attends amateur theatricals—he says he never laughed so much in his life as he did one night when the "Improved Ramblers" gave a rambling performance of "Richard Third." His levity discouraged as well as disconcerted the players and he was hissed out. The other night he went to see the "Bugtown Thespians" do a play. We'll make a rhyme about it:—

OUR JIM AT THE PLAY.

Jim saw "Venice Preserved" by the "Bugtowners" played—
And in it saw something his humor to tickle;
To him 'twas seemed as he afterwards said)
Ere it was *gone* out to have been in a pickle.

.....And this Bugtown affair reminds us of something that happened while we were a member of a temperance dramatic association, some years ago, "when you and I were boys together." One evening, one of our fellows won golden opinions from the audience by the *bala* manner in which he imitated the movements and antics of a drunken man. You never saw any one act the part of an inebriate so well as *he did*; but the youth was drunk in reality, yet the audience knew nothing about it. When I came his cue to go on we pushed him forward in front of the scene, trusting to luck that he would go through; and he *did go through the entire scene alone*, bringing flats down in the auditorium with screams of applause, during which flats, wings and everything else shown that he came in contact with, while *going through* the scene. This Temperance Dramatic Association was a high old cock. Gracious, how the members used to drink just before going on, to "give 'em nerve," as *they* said. When we found out the deleterious character of the institution, which was about five years after our initiation, we resigned for cause, and have never annexed ourself to a similar organization since.....Did you ever read Anna Dickinson's letter on going on the stage as an actress? "They say" it's so. We have little faith in what "they say." Yet why shouldn't *Anna* be a successful actress, we should like to know, if she is actuated by the same zeal that *anna*-mates her when lecturing. And, by the way, why isn't *Annie-mated* with one of the other persuasion by this time? Does she find it a winning game to go a one? So far as we are personally concerned we do not present ourself as enough posted, as to the views and feelings of Anna, to be able to *anna*-lyze her own motives and *any lies* her enemies may have to say about her in this connection; so we will not say any more on this single subject..... Talking about going out nights, reminds us that "Our Jim" often gets rather confused ideas of familiar sayings, for he labored under the delusion that he was getting off something extremely *apropos*—as he calls it—the other evening when he applied to the proprietor of one of the certain married gentleman was too *light* in his conduct. "That's so," says Jim, "for every night he goes out like a candle, and comes home like a lamp." Everything that Jim says is obscured in darkness.....And it is obscure remark puts us in mind of a little thing that bothered us considerably at the time, and bothers us still, for that matter. A young lady, who did not want to be an angel* any longer, but an actress instead, wrote us a nicely-perfumed little note, asking her case freely and imploring us to assist her in getting a chance to be a player. She concluded her appeal thus:—"Whatever you do for me, I will do for you, and if I don't pay you one way I will another." What did she mean? "Our Jim" says boldly that she has evil designs upon us, but *he* can see nothing good in girls ever since Susa Cripley shook him one Christmas night just after he had given her a dollar jewelry and an oyster stew. And did we ever tell you about a girl that *did* have evil designs upon us? *She* was an orange girl, and came to our assistum one day when we were "alone, all alone." She was a pert little thing, and, taking in the situation at a glance, she came right close up to us, just as close as we like, and says she in a "sympathetic voice:" "Buy any oranges?" Her face was of the Grecian bend order, and her flowing tresses fell upon an alabaster neck that heaved with emotion and the strong impulses of youth. Her whole visible stock in trade consisted of a small basket of smaller oranges. "Buy any?" she repeated, laying her plump little hand flush upon our surprised shoulder, while her soft, dreamy eyes were fixed full upon ours. Of *course*, we bought her oranges; how could we refuse when her hand rested to our cheek like a hungry babe to its maternal resources. "Thank you," says she, as we placed in her *other* hand the price of the purchased oranges; and looking around as if to assure herself that no one else was present, she sweetly whispered—"*anything else?*".....'Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me." Isn't it singular what a sensation the fly business has got to be? Everybody is running after the *'Shoo Fly*," and Bryants' Minstrels hall swarms with the admirers of the innocent little reptile. At the Waverley, where Delehanty and Hengler have just commenced the *"Shoo"* trade, the people fly to see this novelty; but what *boots* it so long as it pays? And then we have the "Fire Fly" at Niblo's; and here, too, crowds gather every night, just like bootblacks around a sugar hogshead. Charlotte Crabtree is the "Fire Fly" that lights the way to this resort. "Our Jim" says he don't like the name of Crabtree, and suggests that an act be passed in the Legislature, changing the name. We tell him that a minister will answer just as well; and talking about ministers and pastors, *somebody* says that *Tony* Pastor was recently married, but as we have had "no cake," our informant must be a *misin*-formant. "But isn't she a pretty blonde?" And in addition to the 'Shoo Fly," and the "Fire Fly," we have a greater curiosity at Pastor's Opera House, where, in your innocent Bliss, you may see a *Man Fly;* many of us have seen a *horse fly*, for that's a common occurrence, but it remained for our worthy Pastor to let us witness a "Man Fly." From buzzings that come around us, there seems to be danger ahead; and rumor has it that a Brougham will shortly sweep all these 'Flies in a Webb.' But in the meantime Dan Bryant sees like a morning star, and Lotta like an evening star, for the dollars are pouring in upon them, and—{"cut it short"} That's from that abominable Jim, up in the composing room. .....Novelty is the order of the day, sometimes, and what were looked upon as extraordinary performances in the olden time are of but little account at the present day, for while "scientists" and "injineers" are cutting short routes through the earth to India and the Pacific, men of great attainments in the show business are creating equal sensations in the world of amusement, and performing feats such as were never before dreamed of in our philosophy. If we really believe all that we hear, the acme of "vaulting ambition" has at last been attained by a new company of acrobats who are to be known hereafter as the "Quintuple Perplexities"—that is to say, if the letter we print below should not belong to some other "comic cuss," which we suppose, for so many wonderful feats are performed already that nothing that can be announced should be too extraordinary to unhinge our indurated views; although on the other hand, tricks of this description are so often palmed off upon the press that, considering, nevertheless,—but to the letter:—

MUSCHACKENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 27, 1869.

TO MR. FRANK QUEEN.—Do for a man of all, I don't believe the scoundrel will even marry her." But his common peroration is that, if I ever *do* he will kill me "on sight." Finally, he has broken all against me which can injure me, raising the money value of his wounded affections at exactly $45,000.

Since the above, McFarland and Richardson have frequently met in the *Tribune* office, but nothing serious occurred until Nov. 25th, when Mr. Richardson was shot in the *Tribune* office. He immediately walked up stairs to the editorial rooms, lay on a lounge, and told a gentleman connected with the office, that he was shot, and medical attendance was immediately summoned. Dr. Swan, of the house physicians of the Astor House, found that the ball had entered the body above the navel and that the wound was exceedingly dangerous. After the shooting, McFarland left the *Tribune* office, walked slowly up Chatham street and went home. He then partook of an oyster stew and some refreshments, and, proceeding to the Westmoreland Hotel, put his name on the hotel register, where he was arrested that same evening. Mrs. McFarland and Mrs. Richardson are intimately concerned in this tragic affair, is said to be a woman of many accomplishments. It appears that she and her husband have not lived happily together for several years past. Some six weeks since she obtained a divorce from McFarland, either in Indiana or Illinois, on the ground of cruel treatment neglect and failure to support her. Since the granting of the divorce, Mr. Richardson, it is stated, has not seen her. She has considerable ability as a Shakespearean reader. In 1868, during her husband's illness, she made her *debut* as a reader in Trenton, N. J. Her first appearance as an actress was on the opening night of Edwin Booth's engagement at the Winter Garden, this city, in 1867. She appeared as the Player Queen in "Hamlet," Marion in "Richelieu" and Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice." She is 34 years of age, has large blue eyes, and her hair, which is worn at length, a chestnut brown.

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS" was presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Nov. 23d, with E. L. Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach. The general conception of Sir Giles, as a very monster of cruelty and remorseless atrocity, was finely sustained by Mr. Davenport, and throughout the performance he was most deservedly applauded. George Clarke's Wellborn was admirable. A young lady only surprised the audience by her appearance on the stage as an actress on this occasion, she having previously appeared in this city as a reader. She appeared as Margaret Overreach, and was greeted with frequent outbursts of applause by a large number of friends, who were so anxious to encourage her that they rather overdid it, and caused the lady to be extremely nervous. She was so agitated that in some time before she fully recovered her self-possession. Her elocutionary powers and features well suited to dramatic effect. At first her voice was low and her manner constrained, as might have been expected; but she soon gained confidence and looked and spoke the character acceptably. She was called before the curtain twice and was loudly applauded. Mr. Davidge's Marall was a capital performance, as was Mr. Lewis' Justice Greedy. The performance was a most enjoyable one.....On Nov. 29th "Everybody's Friend" was given. This is the same piece that John S. Clarke, the American comedian, played so long in London under the title of "A Widow Hunt." Mr. James S. Lewis, as the eccentric Major De Boots, gave a laughable and eccentric impersonation. Mrs. Chanfrau's Mrs. Swandown, Marie Longmore's Mrs. Felix Featherly, and J. B. Polk as the bashful icebrook, were very satisfactory performances. This same bill was repeated on the 30th, and for the *matinee* on the 27th. The attendance on the 25th was the best of the week.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE continue at the Grand Opera House. During the past week "The Bohemian Girl" was presented, the initial performance being on Nov. 22d, with Caroline Richings as Arline, H. Haigh as Thaddeus, James Arnold as Count Arnheim and Mr. Peck as Devilshoof. The house was comfortably and densely crowded from orchestra to gallery that there was scarcely a spot for a standee to witness the performance after half past seven o'clock. The troupe have the elements of success in a good company of artists and handsome wardrobe, which has been well and expensively gotten up. Caroline Richings, as Arline, sang with her usual spirit, and executed the romanza "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," with sweetness and brilliancy. This lady is a thorough artist. She has power, good execution, a fine trill and a voice of extended compass, in quality a mezzo soprano, and shows evidence of much cultivation and practice. Mr. Haigh was passable as Thaddeus. The ballad "You'll Remember Me," and air, "The Fair Land of Poland," were given with decided spirit, and each received an *encore*. This gentleman is not a great success, however, for while he has a defective voice, he is by no means a good actor. His voice is thin and wiry, very little expression, pathos, or the true sentiment of either the music or the situation. At times he sings well, but without any apparent feeling. Mr. Arnold is deserving of considerable praise for his careful and generally satisfactory interpretation of the *role* of Count Arnheim. He was loudly applauded for his singing of the romanza "Then You'll Remember Me," and executed the part of Devilshoof. He is a good singer and is generally very good in his acting; but in this *role* he did not appear to great advantage. On Nov. 23d "The Bohemian Girl" was repeated, with Mr. Brookhouse Bowler as Thaddeus, and he gave a more satisfactory performance of the *role* than did Mr. Haigh. The attendance was very large and demonstrative. Mr. Bowler possess a baritone voice of much power and of an agreeable quality. On Nov. 24th Emma Howson put in a second appearance, assuming the *role* of Arline. Her voice was in all its freshness and power. She is possessed of a good stage face and a symmetrical person, and sings with great earnestness. In purity, in clearness, in invariable truth of intonation, in its graceful inflexibility and in its capacity for the expression of tenderness and pathetic emotion, she is one of the excellent. The management is deserving of all praise for the production of the several operas so far presented during the season, and although not faultless in the lyrical department, the scenic effects and stage business have been very fine. Everything has been done in an artistic and business like manner. The orchestra discourses fine music, and the choruses have been large and efficient.

WE UNDERSTAND that Mr. Wemyss Jobson, the historian of the French Revolution, has lately arrived in town with some sensational and spectacular dramas by Felix Pyat, dramatist of the Theatre Porte St. Martin, Paris, with the view of endeavoring to induce our theatrical managers to place such pieces in the first instance before the public here, and thus enabling us to lead both London and Paris instead of "appropriating" or obtaining them indirectly from either. Mr. Jobson believes that proprietors of theatres throughout the country, especially in our larger cities, might also feel inclined to profit by this opportunity; and it is to be hoped that before Mr. Jobson quits the city, we shall have an opportunity of witnessing him as Rob Roy, and other Scottish and Shakespearean characters, for which, in his youth, he, as an *amateur*, is said to have obtained a good reputation, and lately delineated on the regular stage, in Australia. Mr. Jobson is now residing at the European Hotel, Hudson street.

OLIVE LOGAN'S American comedy of "Surf," illustrative of scenes at Long Branch during the summer season, is in active preparation at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was originally produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the past season, and shortly after at the Boston Museum.

FRANK LAWLOR, of the Albany, N. Y., Theatre, was in town on Nov. 26th.

OLIVE LOGAN had a warm reception at Tony Pastor's Opera House on Nov. 22d, the house being crowded, and throughout the week business was excellent. He appeared in two acts, viz:—"The Two Johnsons" and "Old Times Rocks." In the first he created a fund of humor by the manner in which he set-to with the gloves with Frank Kerns, and his loose throwing of his legs, quietly resting one of them over the shoulder of Graver while he took his breathings. In the latter act he appeared in his original parts of Rocks, and all who have ever seen him and Dan Bryant in it know how good he is. Frank Kerns was also very good as Hungry Jake. The Hibernian Boys continue to improve in the song and dance business, their dancing being much better than their singing, but they are young yet, and, as they grow older, will get in better voice. Bobby Daly was on the bills for songs and dances and also appeared, but he is too much of a novice in the business to make what he attempts satisfaction. Polly Daly was on the bills to sing, but did not put in an appearance on Nov. 26th. Tony Pastor sang a number of songs, among which was one called 'Par Excellence,' and he created considerable laughter by his description of the difference between going to a ball on Fifth avenue and one in the Bowery.

UNDER THE TITLE OF "The Lost Will," C. Dibden Pitt's very old domestic drama of "Susan Hopley" was presented at the Olympic Theatre on November 22d, and kept the stage all the week to rather bad business. Mr. Holston played the *role* of Dickey Dean admirably, as did J. B. Studley that of Gaveston, J. K. Mortimer that of Remarden, and Ida Vernon the title *role* of Susan. The farce of "The Lottery Ticket," with Holston in the late William E. Burton's great *role* of Wormwood, preceded the drama each evening.

THE BOWERY THEATRE keeps up a succession of sensational dramas, producing this evening "Faustus," in which a carnival scene will be introduced with the Torres Brothers, gymnasts, in a popular act. Robert Butler, the clown, who has become immensely popular with the Bowery audience, appears each evening in a pantomime.

YANKEE ROBINSON, who closed a most successful three weeks' engagement at Wood's Museum, on Nov. 27th, opens this evening at the Olympic Theatre in his drama of "Darius Dutton." Mr. Robinson is the first representative of Yankee character that has been seen in this city for some time, Yankee Locke being the last one at Barnum's Museum. The present is the first engagement Mr. Robinson has played in this city, and it has proved a good one, pecuniarily and artistically, for he has had a number of large audiences to witness him cut capers and talk in the real Yankee tongue. He has also been the recipient of many flattering notices from the press, as the following will prove:—

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—This establishment is fast becoming the resort of families and students. Its dramatic representations are pleasing, and latterly are attracting large audiences. Last evening "Yankee Robinson"—a regular "homespun" comedian of the "down east" stripe—entered upon the last week of his present engagement in this city, appearing in two of his peculiar specialties, entitled "A Yankee in China" and "Nathan Tucker." Both pieces are decidedly Yankeeish, full of fun, frolic, dash and amusing situations, and, what is more, both are original. In the first mentioned piece "Yankee Robinson" was afforded an excellent opportunity for displaying his comical eccentricities in the character of Eben Pettengill, a Yankee trader in the Celestial Empire, and succeeded in keeping the house in one continual roar. The laughable afterpiece, "Nathan Tucker," permitted Mr. Robinson full scope for indulging in his erratic illustrations, which, upon the whole, were exceedingly enjoyable.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"DARIUS DUTTON," also Yankee Robinson, still draws crowded houses every afternoon at Wood's Museum.—*N. Y. World.*

FOR A WEEK or two past Wood's Museum has been visited by large audiences, attracted chiefly by the eccentricities of a veteran actor, who, under the professional name of Yankee Robinson, has for many years occupied a certain position on the American stage. He belongs to a race of performers almost extinct, of whom Yankee Hill and Dan Marble are, or were, shining lights. His specialty is the delineation of the traditional Yankee character—the personation of that impossible creature, the stage Yankee, who, in striped trousers, unkempt yellow hair and long coat tails has for so long flourished before the footlights. This Yankee character Mr Robinson personates with considerable gusto, wonderful bodily activity for a man of his age, and with not infrequent glimpses of decided humor. During this week Robinson is playing the part of Nathan Tucker in an amusing farce of that title, and that of Eben Pettengill in an absurd extravaganza called "A Yankee in China," receiving the most frequent tokens of approbation. He will take a benefit on Friday night, and those who may wish to see a standing exposure of a dying phase of American dramatic art should see the traditional Yankee of Yankee Robinson.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

WOOD'S MUSEUM, in the flood tide of success, is daily thronged with crowds. The dramatic department is made intensely amusing by Yankee Robinson.—*N. Y. Sun.*

At the daily *matinees* Yankee Robinson appears in his pet specialty, "Darius Dutton," and in his droll performance thereof tickles the risibles of his audience from the rise to the fall of the curtain.—*N. Y. Turf, Field and Farm.*

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—Yankee Robinson has been quite successful at this house during the past week, and has been prevailed on by the management to remain for another week longer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"YANKEE ROBINSON," the eccentric genuine "Down East" comedian, takes a benefit at Wood's Museum to-morrow evening, upon which occasion he will appear in two of his most popular specialties. As Mr. Robinson's Yankee characterizations are singularly droll, and as he is a great favorite with the patrons of the Museum, he will doubtless be greeted with a full house.—*N. Y. Herald.*

YANKEE ROBINSON, so long famous as an exponent of Down East 'cuteness, and as the original Darius Dutton, is again assuming the *role* of that name, and achieved a metropolitan success. The trial dance in the first act elicited the most enthusiastic *encore*. Yankee Robinson continues another week, and will appear at the matinee this afternoon.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM Yankee Robinson in the Down East comedy of "Darius Dutton." There can be no question but that he makes his audience laugh to their hearts' content.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

YANKEE ROBINSON, in his great performance of "Darius Dutton," last week, has been highly gratifying to the audiences who nightly crowded this popular place of family resort. His personation of Darius Dutton, the New England farmer, was splendid effort and met with well deserved applause.—*N. Y. Evening Express.*

YANKEE ROBINSON is the grand centre piece at Wood's. He draws like a first class magnet and is certainly exquisitely comical in some things. He will appear during the week in "Darius Dutton," one of his best *rôles*. It is worthy of remark that this is the first time Yankee Robinson has appeared here in several years.—*N. Y. Star.*

YANKEE ROBINSON, who is a droll comedian and withal popular, has been most cordially received by large audiences at Wood's, where he is playing his specialty of Darius Dutton. A trial dance is one of the leading features of the entertainment.—*N. Y. Post.*

"DARIUS DUTTON" at Wood's Museum, by the irrepressible New England comedian, Yankee Robinson, is drawing immense crowds of audience during this week. Fun and humor characterize the play throughout, and his broad, farcial wit, has proved a positive hit, and gains the unqualified approval of the spectators. To witness the inimitable performance of this personage is certainly to certain ly refreshing, and carries us back to our boyish days and makes us forget the age of inflation and Wall street high-flying speculations.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE DRAMATIC NOVELTY of the week has been the first appearance of Yankee Robinson in one of his most amusing characters, Darius Dutton, a regular old-time, down-east Yankee, whose trials and tribulations are as funny and laughter-provoking as they are numerous. Yankee has made a hit, and appears at the *matinees* next week.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

ASIDE from the many attractions which the Museum at all times presents the innocents held out both yesterday and in the evening combined to draw a small degree well filled house to the congregated in this establishment. "Nicholas Nickleby" at the *matinee* was relished by a delighted assemblage, but the appearance of Yankee Robinson was evidently awaited with pleasure. Presenting himself in the *role* of Darius Dutton—a character, by the way, which he enacted with considerable spirit—the Yankee created, apparently, a very favorable impression, evident by the applause bestowed upon his efforts. Altogether the performance at Wood's last evening gave much satisfaction.—*N. Y. Herald.*

LAST NIGHT YANKEE ROBINSON made his appearance at Wood's Museum, impersonating the character of Darius Dutton. The part was, of course, well represented and afforded a fair amount of amusement to the audience. The play was very entertaining.—*N. Y. World.*

MR. WOOD is supplying the patrons of his establishment with plenty of novelty, and the Museum is well filled both day and evening with delighted people. In the bills the principal feature has been the re-appearance in this city of the talented comedian, Yankee Robinson, who appeared in the drama of "Darius Dutton" playing that title role. Yankee is very funny and pleased his audiences immensely.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

YANKEE ROBINSON appeared at Wood's Museum every evening the past week in the drama of "Darius Dutton," and we were agreeably surprised at the excellent manner in which the character, we had heard him spoken of disparagingly on several occasions. He appeared as Darius Dutton, a regular down east 'Yank,' dressing the character correctly and with exceeding good taste. He embodies with humor all the eccentricities represented by the honest farmer, his delighted chuckle, his cool yet boyish courage, carry in themselves a stamp of nudity to nature perceptible even where the original is unknown. His characterization is a pleasing one. You feel that the delight and enjoyment he takes in his part, burst into a healthful torrent from the heart and forgive his fictions, as they are not intended to mislead, but are rather the spontaneous overflowings of a prolific, uncultivated imagination. He provokes much laughter by his eccentricities and you cannot help but wish the Yankee twang pretty well, and all he wants to make him a really good Yankee comedian is a little more ease and confidence in himself.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—Thursday was a grand gala day at Wood's; from morning till evening the interior at the Museum was one dense, surging mass of humanity. The daily *matinees* of the past week have been made merry by the comic genius of Yankee Robinson, in the comedy which they have successfully given for the past two weeks. "Stand Down the Hall," by Robinson, is as famous with the *gamins* and *sans culotte*, as 'Shoo Fly."—*N. Y. Sun.*

YANKEE ROBINSON makes his bow this evening at the Olympic Theatre as Darius Dutton in the down east comedy of that name, which piece will be followed by the roaring farce of "A Bull in a China Shop. Mr. Robinson is a genuine representative of New England stripe, and is brimfull of drollery, which, above all other things on earth, is just the most relished by the fastidious Olympians.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WE HAVE NOT seen such large crowds as patronized Wood's Museum last week since the palmy days of Lydia Thompson and the English blondes. No less than eight thousand persons were present at the performance given on Thanksgiving day. And the management well deserves these tokens of popularity, for no pains are spared to make this a thoroughly democratic theatre. The attractions are the sterling performances of Yankee Robinson, the funniest of the funny.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE DRAMATIC FUND CONCERT took place at the Academy of Music on November 25th. Max Maretzek was the conductor, and the affair is pronounced a success financially and artistically, the receipts reaching nearly $3,000. Anna Mehlig, pianiste, recently arrived from Leipsic, made her American *debut*; Marie Putnam, from Boston, sang Moore's "Minstrel Boy," and Mr. Levy gave a cornet solo.

JAMES H. HACKETT opens a brief engagement at Booth's Theatre, this evening, as Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth," with Aug. Fenno as King Henry, Th o. Hamilton as Prince of Wales, D. W. Waller as Hotspur, Mr. Norris as Poins, Mrs. William Wheatley as Lady Percy, Fanny Morant as Dame Quickly and Charles Peters as Francis. The piece will be presented with new scenery and appointments.

"DADDY GRAY" is a new three act comic drama by Andrew Halliday, to be produced on the evening of December 1st, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with E. L. Davenport in the title *role*, supported by Augustus Ethel, Marie Longmore and Mary Wilkins. This drama will be repeated on the following evenings of the week and for the *matinee* on December 4th. This, Monday evening, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" will be presented, and on the 30th, "London Assurance." The comedietta of "Checkmate" will follow "Daddy Gray" each evening.

LESTER WALLACK has found his old home so inviting, that Robertson's play of "Home" so attractive, that he has concluded to continue in the same for a week more, and appear each evening for the present at home in "Home." The reception Mr. Wallack has met with has been of a substantial nature in the shape of crowded houses and enthusiastic applause. Mr. Wallack announces that he has in active preparation the comedy of "The Wonder."

THE BURLESQUE OF "Kenilworth" is announced for presentation every evening of the current week at Woods's Museum, with Mr. Hassan's company in the principal *rôles*. The collection of wild animals is constantly becoming more extensive, as additions are being made almost every day, and before the winter is over, Mr. Wood expects to have one of the most extensive lots of wild animals to be found in any similar institution.

ANY ONE who has not been across the big pond and seen that gay metropolis, London, and who wishes to see some of the objects of interest thereabouts, has an opportunity at a moderate rate, and without the fuss of a sea voyage, as the drama of "London," now being performed by C. W. Tayleure, at the French Theatre, contains panoramic views of some of the features of that city, in the way of buildings, etc. The paintings are not only strictly correct, but are really very handsome works of art. The piece is running to a succession of full houses, and the audiences appear to be well pleased with the entertainment offered.

"STAND DOWN THE HALL!" which is getting almost as popular as "Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me" is one of Yankee Robinson's sayings in his drama of "Darius Dutton," which he produces this evening at the Olympic Theatre.

GOOD SINGING—sentimental or comic—funny sayings, and flashes of wit and humor can be heard, and clog dancing, banjo playing, and a melange of good things can be witnessed at the hall of the San Francisco Minstrels, which is well attended every evening by audiences who come away in the best of good humor.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS had a succession of fair houses the past week. The Bedouin arabs and Pauline Hindley, the two latest fresh attractions, continue this week.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE announce for production at the Grand Opera House, for the first time in America in English, Meyerbeer's opera of "The Huguenots." It will be presented during the current week, with a most excellent cast, increased orchestra and chorus, and new dresses.

KATE BATEMAN closed her ten weeks' engagement at Booth's Theatre with a *manner* per

woven into dramatic form.' Nov. 29th the Orth German Opera Troupe open in the 'Magic Flute.' ..... The G. L. Fox Pantomime Company commence at Wall's Theatre on Dec. 2d, and Mrs. Scott-Siddons gives a reading at Lincoln Hall on the same evening."

MANUSCRIPT COPIES of "Charles O'Malley" can be had of J. Morton, whose address see elsewhere.

AT THE NEW THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., Miss Jean Hosmer continues to be the attraction in the legitimate. The houses have been fair. "Macbeth," "Woman in White," "Ingomar," "Lean the Forsaken," "Adelgitha" and "Rob Roy" were produced the past week. On Wednesday, the 24th, Mr. E. R. Dalton was the recipient of a complimentary benefit. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, standing room being at a premium. Mr. Dalton quite darkened the fair star in his personation of the Barbarian, though Miss Hosmer was a splendid Parthenia, having volunteered for the occasion, as also the members of the company. Parthenia is a character not suitable to the talents of Miss Hosmer, being in many of the situations too light for her style of acting. Mr. Dalton has taken the lease of the theatre and also the sole management of the same. So writes our correspondent "Landry."

KATE BATEMAN plays at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Dec. 3d and 4th, in "Mary Warner."

LUCILLE WESTERN is at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

J. C. PRICE'S OLYMPIC THEATRE opened at Mansfield, O., on Monday evening, Nov. 22d, to a good audience. "Cynthia" was produced with Helen D'Este in the title *role*, and P. E. Connolly as the Wolf. The piece was well cast, and gave entire satisfaction. "Camille" has since been produced to a large house. Helen D'Este rendered the *role* in fine style, while the Armand of J. G. Stultz fell nothing short. The company comprises J. C. Price, J. G. Stultz, P. E. Connolly, H. A. McClure, John Weaver, W. Unsworth, C. Webster, F. Howard, Helen D'Este, Lizzie Hardy, Edith Bulwer, Mrs. P. E. Connolly and Clara Angelo. W. Lamson is the agent. From Mansfield they go to Ashland.

MR. JOSEPH K. EMMETT commenced an engagement of two weeks at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, on November 22d, bringing out, for the first time on any stage, a play entitled "Fritz, our Cousin German."

OF CINCINNATI THEATRICALS we are advised to the following effect by our correspondent up to the 26th Nov:—"This has been a dull week for amusements, except, perhaps, the concert halls and one or two amateur entertainments. At Wood's Theatre Dominick Murray and Josephine Fiddes have been playing a round of Irish dramas and light comedies in a style to deserve success, though they have only achieved it to a very moderate degree. The week was opened with a new Irish play, 'Aileen Aroon,' which was continued three nights, different farces being given for a wind-up. Murray appeared as Lanty O'Leary and Miss Fiddes as the gentle Aileen. The piece throughout was well cast and was favorably received. On Thursday evening the old stand-by, 'Ireland as it Was,' was put on, together with 'Aileen Aroon.' Murray as Ragged Pat was decidedly good; it was of a rougher type than he usually has given, but without any roaring exaggeration. He is certainly one of the best Irish comedians on the boards. The Dan O'Carolan of Gotthold, Nell of Whiting, Honor of Clara Morris and Judy O'Trot of Fanny Pierson were all well acted and the piece pleased. Friday, for their benefit Murray and Miss Fiddes appeared as Aminadab Sleek and Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, in the 'Serious Family,' the winding up being 'Oonagh's Engagement,' with Murray as Terrence and Miss F. as Oonah. They did not play Saturday, in consequence of an engagement in Chicago for Monday. Instead, the stock company gave the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' for the *matinee*, and Elise Holt began a blonde season of seven nights in the evening. ..... John Brougham opened at the National on Monday evening in the Gentleman from Ireland and 'David Copperfield,' which programme was also repeated on Tuesday. Nothing need be said of Brougham's Fitz Maurice or Micawber. His support was fair; certainly not deserving the flings made at it by some of the local papers. Uriah Heep, by T. R. Hann, the stage manager, beyond being a little exaggerated, was very good, and the Peggotty of Arnold, and Betsy Trotwood of Mrs. Vanderveer was excellent. On Wednesday, the "Lottery of Life" was brought out, and ran the rest of the week to moderate houses. Some of the characters—the Mordaunt of Holland, for example—were particularly bad. But Allcraft (Arnold), Bob Sawley (Melville), Mrs. Vanderveer's Miss Tarmar, and Miss Henri's Polly, were quite good. The concert hall scene was very fair, embracing a banjo solo, jig, song and dance, ballads and comic songs. All in all, the piece took well. 'Pocahontas' was billed for Saturday's *matinee*, and on Monday, 29th, Brougham's last sensation, the 'Red Light,' was to be given. ..... Annie Ward Tiffany spent the early part of the week here, and then departed for Little Rock, Ark., to fulfill an engagement there."

OUR NEW ORLEANS advices of doings in the amusement world thereabouts, are up to Nov. 22d, under which date our correspondent, "Crescent," says:—"The Varieties Theatre has again had a poor week, the house being scarcely half full any night with the exception of Nov. 19th, when Rachel Johnson had her farewell benefit appearing as Julia, in the 'Hunchback,' the best performance the lady has given during her engagement. She was well supported by Mr. Doud, whose Master Walter was a fine performance, as was Mr. Floyd's Modus, and who was ably sustained by Bella Pateman as Helen; after which the drama of the 'Irish Emigrant,' in which Mr. Floyd has so often made a hit as Tim O'Brien, Miss Johnson appearing as Polly Boralink, in which she was especially happy, giving a true picture of the kind-hearted wife. During the week Miss Johnson appeared in several of her choice pieces, repeating the 'Wife's Secret' on Nov. 16th, 'Oliver Twist' on Nov. 17th, in which Mr. Doud made a great improvement in his impersonation of Fagan. On Nov. 18th, the comedy of 'Fairy Fingers' was repeated, in which Mr. Floyd, as Monsieur de Pontcalec, was especially successful; his rendering of a French exquisite with a very bad snuffer was really good. On November 20th, for the last appearance of Miss Johnson, she gave 'Lucretia Borgia,' with Mr. Doud as Genarro, both characters being acted in a strong and unusually forcible manner; after which, the 'Irish Emigrant' was repeated with the same cast. This evening, John E. Owens was to have appeared, but on his arrival here he was laboring from such a severe cold, and was so sick, that his medical adviser deemed it best that he should take a short resting spell, assuring him that he would be able to appear in a few nights. This disappointment compelled the management to fall back on their stock company, and at the same time reduce the prices: one dollar to parquet and dress circle, and fifty cents to family circle. 'Lost in London' was produced. The scenery and accessories were very correct, especially the interior of the mine, with its scores of workers, its tramway and galleries, which was a striking picture of inner life. No doubt 'Lost in London' will draw good audiences all the week. ..... The drama of 'Lost at Sea,' at the St. Charles Theatre, has attracted fair audiences all the week, who were well pleased with its many points, and sensation scenes of the attempt at suicide the run on the bank, and the fire scene, all of which were well put on the stage and forcibly illustrated by the acting of John E. McDonough, who possesses a fine stage appearance and an unusually easy style. He has been well supported by Alice Gray as Katy Jessop, J. Wesley Hill as Rawlings, and Joe Jessop by Mr. F. Hight. The Jim Smiley by E. Ashley was a forcible illustration of a street character, and who was especially good in his snatches from the popular street songs of the day. Marie Bonifice as Laura Franklin was not as good as could have been wished, she often forgetting the difference between the rustic beauty—a line of business that she is very good in—and the refined lady of the drawing-room. This evening (November 22d) the management produced, rather unexpectedly, an increased attraction in Mr. DeBar, who, having arrived in this city, made his first appearance this season, in his popular character of Toodles, which was received with intense delight. After which Mr. McDonough appeared in the character of the 'Orange Girl,' a Christmas story, which was well put on the stage and strongly played. In connection with the drama, and to give due *eclat* to the production, the management engaged the DeLave family to appear in their specialty of the Niagara Leap and trapeze performance. After which Mr. DeLave appeared in his ascension act, carrying Zoe from the stage to the upper gallery, a feat that was received by the audience with round upon round of applause. On Nov. 26th Mr. McDonough will take a benefit, and on Sunday little Zoe will be honored in the same way, which will be her first benefit in this city, on which occasion she will sing a medley in five different languages. ..... At the Academy of Music business has been fully up to its average, the main attraction being no doubt the performances of the DeLave sisters, who, in the trapeze business, are very good. The sumersault thrown by Zoe from the rings to a single rope wins rounds of applause nightly. The Susan Galton Troupe, who have fully sustained their reputation as finished and pleasing singers, have appeared nightly in several of the best operas such as 'Fanchon,' 'Jeanie Lee,' 'The Village Fiddler,' 'Marriage by Lantern,' 'Limchen and Fritchen,' 'Blind Beggars' and the Chinese burlesque of 'Ching Chow Hi.' They completed their engagement on Sunday evening, Nov. 21st, and left to day for Mobile. This evening Manager Bidwell engaged the intrepid trapezist, Milne Turnour, who appeared in her daring act on the swinging bar, at an elevation of fifty feet in the air. To-night the attraction of the Worrel Sisters, who commenced an engagement this evening, drew together a large audience. The performance commenced with the 'Dead Shot,' in which Atkins was especially good as Hector Timid, after which Miss Turnour appeared in her act, which she performed with all her accustomed ease and grace. The performance concluded with the Worrel Sisters appearing in the burlesque of 'Lalla Rookh,' in which Jessie appeared as Lalla Rookh and Sophia as Feremorz. The burlesque is a happy blending of the songs, chorus and dance, with an occasional hit at the times. It was well acted by the troupe, particularly so by Messrs. Linyard, Dunn, Atkins and Kate and Hattie O'Neal. It was timed on the stage in good style and will, no doubt, have a run. On Dec. 8th Mrs. D. P. Bowers will commence an engagement at this house, supported by the Academy company."

KATE REIGNOLDS closed her two week's engagement in Baltimore, Md., at the Holliday street Theatre, on Nov. 27th. Says our correspondent, "Don Juan":—Miss Reignolds closed her engagement with the production of 'The Serpent on the Hearth; or, Bound.' The drama proved to be the most powerful and interesting yet presented during this engagement. The leading *role* of Marguerette, as impersonated by Kate Reignolds, was a rendition which, for energy, passion and power, was excellent. All of the characters are so drawn as to depict the passions. All are bound by feelings of faith, jealousy, folly, drink, circumstances, blindness and love. The play was produced with new and beautiful scenery by Getz, elegant costumes and a fine cast. The Hamilton Iron Works, in a village in England, forms the nucleus of the drama. Barrack Maule, an iron founder, and Marguerette, his French wife, are the hero and heroine. J. T. Fannin as Barrack Maule, was correct throughout. His rendition was frequently applauded. W. D. Shiels as Doctor Middaugh, has seldom appeared to better advantage. James O'Neil as Oland Ruby, an artist, acquitted himself creditably. A. B. Anderson, in his impersonation of Mark Mosely, is deserving of praise, and Francis A. Rose enacts the part of Capt. Trevor in good style. The child character of Marie, by little Katie, was not only well studied, but well acted for one of such tender years. This evening (Nov. 24th), Miss Reignolds impersonated the character of Marie Antoinette. It was repeated on Nov. 26th, for her benefit and her farewell, and on Saturday evening will be produced the 'Angel of Midnight.' Miss Reignolds will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. W. J Florence, who open on Nov. 29th. ..... The G. L. Fox Pantomime Troupe, in connection with the Kiralfy Hungarian corps of dancers, open at the Concordia Opera House on Nov. 29th. Their engagement is for one week only. A good audience greeted their initial performance, which consisted of the pantomimes of 'Humpty Dumpty' and 'Hickory Dickory Dock,' and the sensational dancing of the Kiralfy Troupe—eleven in number. In the pantomimes, Geo. L. Fox appeared as the Clown, C. K. Fox as Pantaloon, C. Christie as Harlequin and Mlle. Laurent as Columbine. The heartiest peals of laughter were evoked from the audience by the grotesque drollery, tricks, etc. of the Foxes. A more enjoyable performance and appreciative audience has not been witnessed in our city for a long time. The dancing of the Kiralfy Troupe was superb, especially that of Mlle. Haniela Kiralfy and her two brothers, Imra and Bolossy Kiralfy. The dashing abandon, grace and agility of the ladies and the evolutions of the gentlemen, elicited vociferous plaudits and encores. The closing spectacle of the Happy Home of Imagination and Queen of the Land of Golden Dreams were surpassingly beautiful, and there can be no doubt, whatever, but what the entertainment will prove a brilliant success. There will be two *matinee* performances, one Nov. 27th, and on Dec. 1st."

C. W. COULDOCK AND DAUGHTER continued in Detroit Mich., until Nov. 25th, when they went to Marshall for Nov. 26th, 29th and 27th; Battle Creek, 29th and 30th, and were to go thence to Grand Rapids.

O. R. COLLINS AND KATE RAYMOND opened at the Olympic, Brooklyn, on Nov. 22d, in "The French Spy." Fanny Herring appeared the same night as Jenny Lind. O. R. Collins and Miss Raymond continue there this week.

MOLLIE RAYMOND (Mrs. Mary A. Allen), sister of Kate Raymond, died in Geneseo, N. Y., on Oct. 25th, of consumption, aged 24 years.

ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed in Quincy, Ill., on Nov. 19th.

ANNA MORRIS AND J. E. NAGLE appeared in Leavenworth, Nov. 29th, for a three nights' stay, and go thence to Kansas City for three nights.

G. W. PIKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with McKee Rankins as the star, opened in Hamilton, C. W., for one week, commencing Nov. 22d, playing "Rip Van Winkle," "Oliver Twist," etc. McKee Rankin received a benefit on Nov. 26th, giving "Ticket of Leave Man."

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS played a successful engagement in Auburn, N. Y., under the management of Mr. Thomas Carr, opening on Thanksgiving night and closing Nov. 25th. During their stay they brought out the burlesque of "Ixion" and "Rip Van Winkle" (twice), "Ernani," and closed with a benefit for the Sisters on Nov. 25th, playing "Beauty and the Beast" and "Kenilworth." Our correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding Cal. Wagner's Minstrels performed the same evening, the sisters had a crowded house. They met with great favor, gave good performances and are really fine actresses. Should they return, I have no doubt but they would be warmly welcomed. ..... J. W. Albaugh and Mary Mitchell open here, under the management of Lindley & Co., at the Opera House, on Nov. 26th. Harry Lindley, when last here, had Mlle. Ravel in the company as the attraction."

W. COOKE PORK can be engaged as leading man or stock star. See advertisement.

DAVIS & CO., dramatic agents, Cincinnati, O., are in need of a number of artists, and have a theatre to rent. For further particulars read their advertisement.

OF BOSTON DRAMATIC AFFAIRS, our correspondent sends us the following report under date of Nov. 27th:—"Edwin Booth drew a large audience to witness his impersonation of Richard III, on the occasion of his brother's benefit, on Saturday evening, 20th inst. He played the part with his accustomed excellence, and was rewarded with much applause. He is to play an engagement of four weeks' duration in the spring. Maggie Mitchell's engagement at the Boston Theatre continues, large audiences being present at every performance. She has given the 'Pearl of Savoy' the first four evenings of the week, and last night, for her benefit, she played 'Little Barefoot.' This afternoon she gives a repetition of 'Little Barefoot.' This and evening Mrs. Grattan appears for the second time in 'Moll Pitcher.' 'Lorle' is to be produced, for the first time in Boston, during this engagement, and, as it has been very successful elsewhere, the same thing is expected of it here. ..... 'Mercy Dodd,' Boucicault's latest play, received its first performance in America at the Museum on Thursday evening, 25th inst., to a very full house. The play is very loosely put together, has an absurdly improbable plot, and is as full of horror as even that wild play, the 'Nightingale.' It was played very well by those to whom it was cast, but it can never obtain any success. Chas. Barron as a discharged convict, madly in love with Mercy Dodd, had a part well suited to him, and his rendering of it was remarkably good. Mrs. Barrenburgh made a capital burglar, and Rachael Denvil did very well in her part. As for Annie Clarke's acting as Mercy Dodd, nothing except praise can be said. It was particularly good on account of the very difficulty of the part. The play was followed by the comic drama in two acts of 'His Last Legs,' in which, owing to the illness of Mr. Warren, who was cast for the part, Fred. Williams played O'Callaghan—and played it capitally, too. The first three evenings of the week were filled with performances of the 'Lion House,' which was withdrawn in the very midst of its success. I don't imagine that 'Mercy Dodd' will have any great run. ..... At the Adelphi, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul close their engagement of two weeks. They have given this week, in addition to some of their songs of last week, 'The Dream of the Reveller' and 'A Row-Wow,' and have given an immense deal of pleasure to their audiences. Lingard took a farewell benefit on Wednesday evening, making his last appearance in this city this season. The bill was a strong one, consisting of the comedietta the 'Day After the Wedding,' the 'Lingard Sketches,' the 'Captain is Not a Miss,' the whole closing with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul in their songs, etc. Mr. Lingard has not been successful at his new theatre. He presented a good company, a capital entertainments, and the theatre was one of the neatest, cosiest and most comfortable in our city. There seems, however, to be a fatality hanging over that theatre, as it has never succeeded since the success of the can-can, two years ago. On Nov. 30th it is to be opened under the management of John Stetson as a variety theatre, with the Lauri Troupe; and placards of 'Oh, Fy,' 'Look Out For Thieves,' si Sapa' and so on astonish the eyes of the multitude. Geo. F. McDonald is to be stage manager. ..... 'Midsummer Night's Dream' continues at Selwyn's, and 'standing room only' is the nightly announcement. Such a succession of crowded houses has never before been seen in this house. The play runs as smoothly as could be desired now, and all the actors and actresses have continued improving in their rendering since the first night. Mendelssohn's music, as rendered by Mr. Koppitz's orchestra, is exquisite and is alone almost worth the price of admission. Eight performances a week are given. ..... At the Howard, the 'Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe'—one of the best pantomimes we have had—has reached its last week. The three Victorelli Brothers have done some quite good acts during the week, but they hardly deserve the title of the 'Flying Men of the Air,' for they are by no means equal to the Hanlons. Bette Rigl, Mlle. Bertha, the Lucille Sisters, and Emily Rigl make the 'capital ladies,' and Harry Boyd good. A. J. Leavitt, Joe Buckley, J. H. Cummings, Dick Carroll (who does a new act, Terpsichorean Calculations, and sings Irish songs in character capitally), Clara Butler, Annie Blake, and Sallie Maddox, with a little fellow called General Grant, Jr., make up a very enjoyable evening, fully ended by Maffitt and Bartholomew in the pantomime. Next (this) week, Laura LeClaire appears with Bartholomew and Maffitt in the farce of 'Smith and Brown.' The Victorelli Brothers will appear, and the walk around 'Shoo Fly' will have its first representation in Boston. For a regular good time the Howard is the place to go. ..... Sam Sharpley has taken the Olympic in hand, and so far has met with immense success. Low prices and a good entertainment are what he offers, and I hope he will succeed."

OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS our correspondent writes as follows:—"Mrs. John Drew, at the Arch, announces a comedy revival during the next week, presenting Nov. 29th and 30th, first time in eight years, Colley Ciber's famous comedy 'She Would and She Would Not;' Dec. 1st, 'The Needful,' Dec. 2d and 3d, 'Single Life,' and 'Our Wife;' Dec. 4th, 'The Wonder and 'The Seven Clerks,' and on the succeeding Monday the first production of Tom Taylor's 'The Overland Route.' ..... The Walnut relies this week on its stock company, and for the first time the present season the Quaker City boasts of no other stars than its own, Miss Laura Keene and Mrs. John Drew. 'Enoch Arden' is announced for the attraction at this place of amusement. Dec 6th Kate Bateman appears as Mary Warner in 'School' and 'David Garrick' filled the bill at Laura Keene's the past week, Mr. W. E. Sherridan making his last appearance at this theatre as David Garrick. Mr. S appears at Booth's Theatre, New York, where he is sure to reap new laurels in his chosen profession. Nov. 29th and during the week will be presented Chas. Reade's adaptation entitled the 'Saucy Housemaid,' Laura Keene appearing in the original character of Folnette. 'Bold Jack the Giant Killer,' a fairy story for the little folks, will be given as a *matinee*, on Saturday. Harry Hawk, comedian, just returned from California, has joined Miss Keene's company, which now boasts of four excellent comedians, in Messrs. Bowers, Hawk, McNulty and Stanton. Mr. J. H. Selwyn and Mr. L. R. Shewell were in town the past week."

JOHN BROUGHAM closed a two week's engagement in Galveston, Texas, on Nov. 13th.

RACHEL JOHNSON was announced to open in Houston, Texas, on Nov. 22d.

THE PARTINGTON SISTERS continued at the Academy of Music, Omaha, the past week. Our correspondent, "Waverly," says:—"Their banjo solos and duetts, and dancing between the pieces, are very well done, but they are not good actresses. The general opinion is that the pieces would have been much better rendered by the stock. The benevolent order of 'The Knights of Pythias' had a benefit on Nov. 24th, which was the first anniversary of their establishment in this city. The par—'Damon and Pythias'—upon the incidents of which this order is founded, was well presented by the stock company; T. E. Mills appearing as Damon, E. F. Clarke as Pythias; Miss Cappell, Hermion; Miss Howard Calanthe. Weston, Stewart and Clifford were good in their respective parts. For an afterpiece, the Partington Sisters appeared in 'Asmodeus,' in which G. W. Mitchell as Gil Vargos, and E. F. Clarke as 'Don Raphael, were exceedingly good. The house on this occasion was packed to the ceiling, and must have returned a handsome profit to the Sir Knights. These benefits to the orders and societies are popular in this city. The Omaha Steam Fire Company will take a ben. on Nov. 27th, when a good bill and a bumper is expected. ..... Died, in this city, on Nov. 17th, of intermittent fever, R. Ridgeway Thomas, stage carpenter of the Academy of Music. Mr. Thomas was an Englishman, and had been about two years in this country. Formerly stage carpenter at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago. During his illness, which lasted six weeks, he was attended and his wants supplied by Manager Corri and the company of the Academy, who also defrayed the expense of his burial on Nov. 19th. It was his intention to return to England shortly. His age was twenty-seven ..... Fanny B. Price and D. R. Hanchett are expected to arrive in this city from Montana in a day or two. Leo Hudson will be the next star, and will open on Wazeppa."

CROWDED AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES are still the order of the night at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, where Rita Percy, the statuesque artist, appears for the first time Nov. 29th. Miss Eva Brent commences a second week. The *ballet* of Les Vandangeurs is in its fourth week. Miss Adah Richmond, the cantatrice, continues to be a prime favorite.

MARY MITCHELL, ALBAUGH and J. W. Albaugh have added a new play, entitled "Fantine; or, a Mother's Love," to their *repertoire*. Managers who wish to negotiate with them are requested to address as per advertisement.

BELVIL RYAN, comedian and character actor, closes an engagement of five months at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, on the 11th of December. Managers are requested to address him through his agents, Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds.

COPIES of Edmund Falconer's play, "Charles O'Malley," can be had of the author, whose address find in another column.

MR. G. W. HARRISON AND COMPANY occupied the Newark, (N. J.,) Opera House on November 22d, presenting "The Octoroon." A large audience was in attendance. Our correspondent "Rover" says:—"Alice A. Harrison as Zoe, Mary Maddern as Mrs. Peyton, G. W. Harrison as Salem Scudder, and J. B. Brown as George Peyton, were excellent in their respective parts. Ada Marion made a pretty and bewitching Dora Sunnyside, and won a host of admirers. T. E. Jackson as Old Pete kept the audience in a continual roar."

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS, supported by the old Rochester Theatre company, under the management of Thos. Carr, played 'Ixion' and "Rip Van Winkle" in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on November 26th, to a full house. Our correspondent "Percival," here in advance, says our correspondent "Percival," were warmly received, and Emeline and Alice responded to three *encores* in their songs and dances. To-night (Nov. 27th), they play 'Ernani' and 'Pocahontas,' which closes their engagement here. As burlesque artistes they are among the best in the business. Should they return here at some future day they will doubtless meet with success. ..... J. W. Albaugh and wife play one week in Corinthian Hall, commencing November 29th, supported by Manager Carr's company."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., on Nov. 24th, and kept the stage the remainder of the week.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY attached to the Young Men's Catholic Institute of Albany, N. Y., gave three dramatic entertainments in that city, opening on November 24th with "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" 25th, "Limerick Boy" and "Handy Andy;" 26th, "Toodles."

TRIMBLE'S OPERA HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., is fast drawing towards completion. Lucien Barnes is pushing things forward lively, so as to be able to open by New Year's eve.

J. G. MYERS' COMPANY closed their visit in Bridgeport, Conn., on Nov. 24th.

MARY GLADSTANE closed a week's engagement at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on Nov. 27th. Our correspondent "Mose" says:—"She opened on Nov. 22d, selecting 'Leah' as her opening piece, and during the week has appeared in 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'The Wonder,' 'Masks and Faces,' and closed her engagement with 'The Corsican Brothers,' in which she sustained the duel characters of Fabien and Louis de Franchie. In the round of characters, she has essayed during the week, she has evinced many of the qualities of a fine artist, especially in Lady Audley. Her Leah was also a very fine impersonation; in fact, I have never seen the character better played in this city. Mrs. Gladstane possesses a pleasant voice, and her articulation is clear and distinct. Her appearance on the stage is fine, her actions are graceful, easy, natural and lady-like. What some may think she needs in physique, she more than makes up in appropriate action, naturalness of manner and earnestness in what she does, all highly acceptable and pleasing. She was admirably supported by Messrs. Gossin, Forster, Miller, Eberle, May Fiske, Fanny Prestige and Mrs. Eberle. Miss May Fiske, the juvenile lady, has become a permanent member of the stock company and has proved a valuable addition; she takes the place vacated by Dolly Ingersoll, who was married on Nov. 5th, to a Judge Thompson, of Texas. ..... She has quit the stage. ..... Blanchard with his trained canines, are announced as the attraction at the Opera House next (this) week."

KATE FISHER appeared in Lowell, Mass., on Nov. 24th and 25th, in "Mazeppa," "The Three Fast Men" and "Tom King."

C. E. BIDWELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a season in Exeter N. H., on Nov. 24th, on which evening "Nobody's Daughter" was produced. Dollie Bidwell appeared in the triple *role* of Jennie Milsom, Lady Eversleigh and Mlle. Brewer, and R. S. Meldrum as Joyce Harker and Andrew Larkspur. The company went from Exeter to Dover for four nights, thence to Manchester for five nights, and will open in Concord, Dec. 6th, for six nights; after which they will visit several New Hampshire towns, and open in Lowell, Mass., about Christmas. Mr. Meldrum joined the company recently in Salem, Mass.

COPIES OF VARIOUS NAMED PLAYS can be had cheap of Archer & Howard. See advertisement in another column.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the places of amusement in San Francisco, Cal., for the month of October are given as follows:—Maguire's Opera House, $18,012; California Theatre, $28,701; Bella Union, $7,430; Woodward's Gardens, $8,353; Pacific Melodeon, $2,858; Chinese Theatre, $1,432; Tom Thumb, $2,312; Anatomical Museum, $1,025.

Musical.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Indianapolis, Ind., the Parepa Rosa Opera Troupe opened on Monday, Nov. 22d, in "Martha" to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in that city. Our correspondent says:—"Parepa was in excellent voice and sang the music allotted to Martha in magnificent style. Segnin as Nancy fairly divided the honors with her. There is a charm about this lady's acting which excites the sympathy of the audience and makes her a great favorite. Messrs. Castle and Campbell were well received, as they are established favorites here. The choruses were excellently rendered, and the orchestra, under the direction of Carl Rosa, was fully up to the mark. On Tuesday, Nov. 23d, Miss Rose Hersee made her debut in the Bohemian Girl, and also did her farewell. The lady created a marked impression from her first appearance, and delighted the immense audience with her exquisite singing and acting. Mr. Nordblom was suffering from hoarseness, which was painfully apparent in the last act. His rendering of the beautiful air, 'You'll Remember Me,' was very pleasing and effective, and elicited a hearty *encore*. This young tenor has much improved since last season. Mr. Campbell's rendition of Count Arnheim, a *role* eminently suited for him. He sang and played capitally throughout. His song, 'The Heart Bowed Down,' was vociferously *encored*. Miss Stockton as the Gipsy Queen, and Mr. Seguin as Devilshoof, gave general satisfaction. ..... Professor Roberts, with his 'Dreams of Illusion' and dissolving views, occupies the Academy of Music for the remainder of the week."

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, New Orleans, has, with the exception of Monday evening, the 15th of Nov., been well attended, our correspondent, "Crescent," informs us, and adds:—"On Saturday (13th), 'La Dame Blanche' was produced in excellent style, introducing for the first time to a New Orleans audience, Mr. Leopold Ketten and Mlle Mineur, both of whom created quite a sensation by their musical virtues. The reputation she gained for herself in Paris, as a graduate at the Conservatoire, while Mr. Ketten demonstrated that he has one of the sweetest light tenor voices that has been heard in this city for a long time. On Sunday night (14th), the management put up one of the largest programmes ever offered, the evening's amusement commencing with the three act comedy entitled, 'Gavard, Gavroche et Minard,' followed by 'Le Maire de Chapelle,' a pretty little one act affair by Paer; a comic character song; two or three dances; after which the farce of 'La Corde Sensible.' On Monday (15th), 'La Dame Blanche' was repeated. On Tuesday, 'The Trovatore' was again performed, with Mr. Thery as Count de Lara, in place of Dumestre, who was taken suddenly sick. On Thursday evening (18th), 'Lucia di Lammermoor' was produced, Mlle. Mineur singing as Lucia. The performance was very fine indeed. It is to be repeated on the 20th. Among the many works in preparation, are 'Norma,' 'L'Africaine,' 'Le Domino Noir,' 'Le Pardon de Ploermel,' and 'L'Etoile du Nord.'"

SIG. JANNOTTA wound up his proposed series of symphony concerts, at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 23d of Nov., being compelled to stop for want of patronage. Messrs. Tosso, violinist; Braun, violoncellist; Ballenberg, flutist; McLaughlin, tenor; Sullivan, basso; Miss E. Sullivan, soprano; Miss Klanczek, pianist, and others, appeared.

THE BERGER FAMILY BELL RINGERS are meeting with success, we are told, although for ten days they experienced quite heavy falls of snow. They opened in Wheeling, Va., on Nov. 24th, for two days, and were to go thence to Parkersburg, the 26th and 27th; Marietta, Ohio, 29th and 30th, and 1st.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS were advertised to perform in Columbus, Ohio, on Nov. 29th and 30th.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE are in St. Louis, Mo., this week, at DeBar's Opera House, opening in "Maritana" on Nov. 28th.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL were advertised to give their entertainment in Portland, Me., on Nov. 29th and 30th.

THE COMMODORE FOOTE COMBINATION were in Weedsport, N. Y., on Nov. 24th; Port Byron, 25th; Lyons, 26th; Palmyra, 27th and Newark, 29th. The troupe intend going into Canada in about two weeks.

BURNHAM AND QUEEN'S GIFT EXHIBITION was at Quincy, Mass., Nov. 23d.

MISS CARLOTTA PATTI gave two concerts at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 26th and 27th of Nov.

SPAULDINGS' BELL RINGERS were in Lowell, Mass., on Nov. 27th.

CARLOTTA PATTI appears in concert, in Detroit, Mich., on Dec. 1st and 2d.

Variety Halls.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT, writing on the 26th of Nov., gives us the following intelligence:—"There was a rush of new faces at the Fourth Street Theatre this week. On Monday evening Ned Reed and Tim Woodruff's place on the end; Kitty La Grange, another returned excursionist from the Arctic regions, also appearing. Besides his end biz., Reed did his specialty, 'Adolphus Morning Glory,' and took the part of the Dutchman in the can-can. Johnnie Weaver and May Gifford withdrew, having an engagement in Pittsburgh. Mr. Marsh Adams replaced Weaver as interlocutor. Woodruff appeared in farces in the olio. Ned Reed's station, who has been playing Frailty in the can-can for some weeks, withdrew on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday night she was replaced by Bonnie Emerson; a very sweet balladist and good actress. Reily, the juggler, continued his knife feats and balancing until Thursday night, when his engagement came to a close. Harry Wood continued his wench performances in the second part, and he has been good. ..... The Race Street continues with an unchanged company. The Old Folks' Concert has been run for one week more. Next (this) week the regular minstrel 'first part' will be resumed. In the olio Ben Brown has been doing jigs this week, and Frank Carleton his Dutch business. The audiences have continued very fair. ..... The New York Theatre has been running almost an entirely new company. Frank Pell is as end-ger for tambourine end, and, with Fred Shaw opposed, made a good comic team. Lizzie Mayling, a fine balladist, was another accession. Carrie Duval, one of the most spirited song and dance girls we have had in this region for a long time, who hails from Chicago, also opened on Monday and made a big hit. The other new ones are Tim Hayes, a cloggist; Millie Leonore, late of the Fourth Street, and Ella Bertram, formerly of Yale's. ..... The Race Street Theatre has a new rival near at hand. Dumery's Museum, situated next door to Pauley's, has just opened. It contains a fair collection of animals and curiosities but as yet has no performances."

RITA PERCY is at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, this week. Managers desiring her services for the representation of classical statuary will find her agent's address in another column.

VARIETY BUSINESS IN PITTSBURGH, says our correspondent, "J. E. H.," continues good:—"Trimble's Varieties is attracting a goodly share of patronage and the show given is altogether acceptable. Johnny Weaver, Ethiopian comedian, and Miss May Gifford, *danseuse*, appeared on November 25th, and gave general satisfaction in the performance of their respective *roles*. The company at this place now stands as follows:—Johnny Weaver, May Gifford, the Wesley Family, Mike Kanane, Belvil Ryan, Johnny Shay, E. D. Gooding, George Herman, J. J. Dougherty, L. T. Bingham, Charles Whitten, Lulu Beckett, Celia Berry, the Harrison Sisters and Mary Heming. Richmond has left for Baltimore. The new faces next (this) week will be the Arabian Brothers, gymnasts; Lake Schoolcraft, Dutch comedian, and Miss Julia May, vocalist. ..... The Tyrolean Opera Troupe and J. W. McAndrews opened at the Pittsburgh Theatre on Nov. 22d, to a good audience. The Tyroleans sing very creditably and received a number of *encores* nightly. Mme. Hofer is the favorite of the troupe. She has a strong, rich voice, and her solos are rendered pleasingly and artistically. Herr Paetzes is a capital clever fellow, and fail to evoke the most uproarious applause. His other negro acts are received with equal favor. Larry Tooley's Dutch business is growing even more popular as he introduces new songs, acts and changes in costume. Carl's 'Lively Flea' provokes the most inordinate laughter. Jennie Benson's clog dancing is received with the same enthusiasm as heretofore. The company now is:—J. W. McAndrews, Tyrolese Opera Troupe, Larry Tooley, H. W. Williams, George R. Edeson, John H. Carle, John R. Lane, Charles Benedict, Jennie Benson, Ciara Burton and Lucy Clifton. Manager Williams has made additions to his orchestra, and now, under the leadership of Tom Williams, the music is satisfactory, both to the performers and patrons of the establishment. On November 29th the Wild, Barney and Mac minstrels put in their first appearance in this theatre. The regular company visit the principal towns of western Pennsylvania during the stay of the minstrel troupe. The receipts at this establishment for October were $4,917."

AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., Rita Percy, representative of statuary, closed her engagement on Nov. 27th. Our correspondent says:—During her last week she appeared in a series of tableaux, each one quite different from the selections offered during her first week, and all were rapturously applauded. "Queen Catherine Denouncing Wolsey," "Rebecca at the Well," "Ireland," "Memory" and "Columbia" were among the finest presented. Several additions have been made to the troupe since my last, as follows:—Ada Boshell, Sallie St. Clair, Lotta Barnes and Sallie Johnson. Mons. Sandowski, ballet master, has also been added to the company. These additions were made with a view to presenting the 'infectious can-can,' a scene at La Jardin Mabille. Last winter the sketch was presented here in a style somewhat different. An illuminated garden scene was then introduced and several features were offered that are now omitted. Ada Boshell is one of the most pleasing dancers that has yet appeared in this establishment. In the can-can quadrille Miss Boshell dances very gracefully with Mr. Blandowski, and in another scene she dances 'La Boquet Waltz,' and is aided by the *ballet*. In the last scene the whole party is arrested by policemen impersonated by McIntyre and Porter. The dancers are taken before a Justice (impersonated by Harry Hart) who decides not to pass sentence until he witnesses them dance the can-can. It is then given, and the Justice and Officers, unable to restrain themselves, join in the dance, and the curtain descends on a scene replete with excitement and fun."

THE ZANFRETTA AND CARON FAMILIES were the stars the past week at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. Our correspondent "Don Juan" says: "They have appeared during the week in a variety of comic sketches, pantomimes and terpsichorean specialties to crowded aud

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